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Elizabeth Smith.

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FRAGMENTS,

IN

Prose and Verse:

BY

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH,

LATELY DECEASED.

WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF

HER LIFE AND CHARACTER,

BY

H. M. BOWDLER.

A NEW EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.

1818.

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MISS ELIZABETH SMITH,

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IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

G. WOODFALL, PRINTER,
ANGEL-COURT, SKINNER-STREET, LONDON.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In compliance with what appears to be the general wish, the names of the persons mentioned in the Fragments are inserted in this edition; and with a grateful sense of the indulgence with which this little work has been received by the public, I have ventured to replace several passages in Miss Smith's letters, which have hitherto been omitted. Some letters with which I have lately been favoured by the lady to whom they are addressed, will probably be considered as a valuable addition to this collection; and I flatter myself that anecdotes which were thought too trifling for

publication when the name of the author was concealed, may now appear interesting, as contributing to throw light on a character which must be esteemed in proportion as it is known. To the younger part of my own sex, who admire the talents of my lamented friend, and wish to follow her steps in the paths of science, I beg leave to point out the following observations, extracted from a late excellent publication.

"Against learning, against talents of any kind, nothing can steady the head, unless you fortify the heart with real Christianity. In raising the moral edifice, we must sink deep in proportion as we build high. We must widen the foundation, if we extend the superstructure. Religion alone can counteract the aspirings of genius, can regulate the pride of talents. And let such women as are disposed to be vain of their comparatively petty attainments, look up with admiration to those contemporary

shining examples, the venerable ELIZABETH CARTER, and the blooming ELIZABETH SMITH. I knew them both, and to know was to revere them. In them let our young ladies contemplate profound and various learning, chastised by true christian humility. In them let them venerate acquirements which would have been distinguished in an University, meekly softened, and beautifully shaded, by the gentle exertion of every domestic virtue, the unaffected exercise of every feminine employment."

Cœlebs in search of a Wife.

The Young Lady whose talents and virtues are here pointed out to the reader, was little known in the world. Her short life was spent in retirement, and it affords no incidents to awaken curiosity; but it offers an example, which may be useful to all her sex, and particularly to the younger part of it; and I am encouraged to hope, that her writings may not be uninteresting to readers of a very different description*. I have only noticed such circumstances in her "short and simple annals," as seemed necessary to explain her letters, and to shew the progress of her improvement in different branches of science. The use which she made of learning, and the effect which it produced on her conduct in life, may be collected from many parts of the following work, which will prove that every

* See Letter XII. from the Rev. Dr. RANDOLPH to Mrs. SMITH, in the Appendix.

acquisition in science only increased the humility of her natural character; while extensive reading and deep reflection, added strength to her conviction of those great truths of revealed religion, which in life and in death supported her through every trial, and which can alone afford consolation to the parents and friends who live to mourn her loss.

PREFACE.

THE favour with which memoirs and letters are generally received by the public, has encouraged the production of a great many biographical works, written on very different principles, and which must be perused with very different feelings. The delight with which every friend of science and virtue reads the life of Sir William Jones, of Dr. Beattie, of Mr. Cowper, or of Mrs. Carter, can furnish no excuse for publications, in which some of the most vicious characters that disgrace the present times,

are dragged into notice, to disgust or to corrupt succeeding generations. For such an insult on the principles and the taste of the reader no apology can be offered; but when the character that is brought before the public is really deserving of esteem, the feeling heart will view with indulgence the partial fondness of surviving friendship, which endeavours to save from oblivion the object of its affection, and to strew a few flowers on the humble tomb of departed virtue.

The following pages will not be found to contain a single sentence which can give pain to any human being; and though nothing in this collection was written with a view to publication, yet as the delicacy which always shrunk from observation cannot now be wounded by praise or blame, it is, I hope, allowable to remove the veil which an excess of modest reserve threw over uncommon merit.

FRAGMENTS

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Miss Elizabeth Smith was born at Burnhall, near Durham, (the beautiful residence of her paternal ancestors,) in Dec. 1776. Some particulars relating to the early part of her life may be learnt from a letter written soon after her death by her afflicted mother to the Rev. Dr. Randolph, in consequence of his request that she would inform him of such circumstances with regard to the gradual progress of her daughter's mind, as had not come under his own observation*.

* See Appendix. Letter I.

I will only mention here a few particulars, which seem necessary to explain her writings.

When I first saw Miss SMITH, in the summer of the year 1789, she was only in her thirteenth year, and her extreme timidity made it difficult to draw her into conversation; but even then I saw many proofs of very uncommon talents. We were frequently together during the three following years, either at Piercefield, where Mr. and Mrs. SMITH then resided, or at Bath, where Miss SMITH and her sisters were often with us. At that time ELIZABETH astonished us by the facility with which she acquired information on every subject. She excelled in every thing that she attempted. Music, Dancing, Drawing, and Perspective, were then her chief pursuits, and she succeeded in all; but even at that early age her greatest pleasure seemed to be reading, which she would pursue with unwearied attention, during so many hours, that I often endeavoured to draw her away from her books, as I feared that such close application might injure her health. She was then well acquainted with the French and Italian languages, and had made considerable progress in the study of Geometry, and some other

branches of the Mathematics. At every period of her life she was extremely fond of poetry. The following fragment is dated in June, 1792.

I.

The Sun, just rising from his wat'ry bed,
Shook from his golden locks the briny drops;
The Earth her many-colour'd mantle spread,
And caught the crystal on her flow'rets' tops.
While Nature smil'd, to see her rising crops
With brighter beauty glow, and richer hues;
As now the night her sable chariot stops,
Each drooping flow'r, refresh'd with morning dews,
Lifts its gay head, and all around its fragrance strews.

II.

So fair the morn, when Emma, fairer still,
Left the lone cottage, now her sole retreat;
And wander'd musing o'er the neighb'ring hill,
With downcast eyes, which weeping look'd more sweet,
Down to the vale she turn'd her trembling feet;
There, in the middle of a shady wood,
O'erhung with trees, which branch to branch did meet,
Glided a gentle stream, where, as it stood,
Each bough its image shew'd in the clear glassy flood.

III.

Here paus'd the Nymph, and on the bank reclin'd,
'Neath a large oak fann'd by each gentle gale;
She swell'd the brook with tears, with sighs the wind,
And thus her melancholy fate 'gan wail.
And ye who read her sad and mournful tale,
Oh! drop one tender, sympathetic tear!
Think that the best of human kind is frail,
Nor knows the moment when his end is near;
But all sad EMMA's hapless fate must fear.

IV.

" How fair each form in youthful fancy's eyes,
" Just like the tender flow'rs of blooming May;
" Like them in all their beauty they arise,
" Like them they fade, and sudden die away.
" We mourn their loss, and wish their longer stay,
" But all in vain;—no more the flow'rs return,
" Nor fancy's images divinely gay!
" So pass'd my early youth; then in its turn
" Each fancied image pleas'd; for each at times I burn.

V.

" How charming then o'er hill and vale to stray,
" When first the sun shot forth his morning beam;
" Or when at eve he hid his golden ray,
" To climb the rocks, and catch the last faint gleam;

" Or when the moon imbru'd in blood did seem,
" To watch her rising from the distant hill,
" Her soft light trembling on the azure stream,
" Which gently curl'd, while all beside was still:
" How would such scenes my heart with admiration fill!

VI.

" But now, alas! those peaceful days are o'er;
" Fled like the summer breeze that wakes the dawn,
" Wafts spicy odours swift from shore to shore,
" And gathers all the fragrance of the lawn;
" Yet ere his noon-day crown the sun adorn,
" 'Tis past, 'tis gone; no more the scorching plains
" Can shew *where* blew the gentle breath of morn;
" The brook, the cattle, and the shepherd swains,
" All seek the shade;—but peace for EMMA none remains."

In May, 1792, Miss HUNT accompanied me to Piercefield; and it is not extraordinary that similarity of talents and pursuits, as well as sympathy in every thing that is good and amiable, should lead ELIZABETH to attach herself strongly to her. From that time a correspondence began, from which I have made a few extracts, to shew what were her studies and amusements at fifteen years of age.

" TO MISS HUNT.

" *July* 7, 1792.

" I am much obliged to you for all the information in your last letter, and I hope I have found out what you wanted. I have been measuring circles, and find that my former conjecture was right: &c. &c.——I know not whether I have explained this properly, but so it appears to me. I was a little mortified to see that my table was not quite exact, though I fear it is as near as it can be brought; but if this way of making equal squares and circles is right, it will make me amends. The line in Dante is very applicable, but I desire you will not begin to despair yet. I do not, though there are many things that I prefer to these Mathematics. At the head of them stands Poetry. I thought some parts of Tasso extremely fine. Dante I have not read. At present I am engaged in an argument with my dear Miss Bowdler, concerning Ossian. I support him against all other poets. You may easily guess who will get the better; but I will say all I can for Ossian, for I really *love* his poems beyond all others. Milton must stand alone; but surely

Ossian is *in some respects* superior to Homer. Can you find any thing equal to his descriptions of nature; his Address to the Sun in Carthon, that to the Moon in Darthula, and the last hymn? Surely in "the joy of grief," and in night scenes, there is nothing equal to him. I would rather read the description of one of his ghosts, than of all Homer's gods. One of my greatest reasons for admiring him is, that all his heroes are so *good.* There is not one of them that would be guilty of a cruel action for the world, nor would they insult over the dead. In short, one cannot help loving almost every person Ossian mentions Besides, there are no vulgar descriptions, but every word is poetry. By way of comparison, look at some particular description in Homer, and in Ossian; suppose it is a moon-light; you will find but one of any consequence in Homer, and then it is only a simile, though a very beautiful one; it begins at the 687th line of the 8th book. Compare it with any one of the vast number you will find in Ossian. I think the idea of the moon retiring to weep for the sisters she has lost, is finer than all the philosophy on the subject. I love your flowery meadows, and murmuring streams; but I

cannot help preferring rude mountains, roaring torrents, and rocky precipices. I could wander with pleasure in your sequestered vale, but should feel more transported by the grandeur of one of Ossian's night scenes," &c.

" *From* my *Library, July* 27, 1792.

" I am really ashamed, when I look at the date of your kind letter, and particularly when I consider how good you were in writing to me so soon; but the truth is, we are all in such confusion, with an old house about our ears, and so pushed about from one room to another, that I have not been able to command a quiet hour to write to you. However, Kitty and I are now settled in the Library, and here I will endeavour to make up for my former negligence. I wish I had you and Miss Bowdler to help me pull the books about, and then I should not wish for a better house.

" We have not received any certain information respecting the Castle; but I am inclined to give it, whatever it was, to Llewellyn ap Gryffydd, whom we have determined to kill on a piece of

ground adjoining to it; and Mr. Williams, who is writing the History of Monmouthshire, told us that Buillt, where it has been said he died, is somewhere near this place; he does not know exactly where it is, but we will find it out. I am sure it is in our woods. If this be not true, it is at least such a pretty little fiction, and so harmless, that I really must believe it. I wish you would write a poem on his death, and place it in our wood. You must say that it is translated from an old Welsh bard, and that will set the matter beyond a doubt.

"You must not expect any thing very bright from me to-day, for my head aches very much; and as to the hand-writing, I can never write well when my heart is concerned. I have given you a specimen of my very worst to prove that you are in high favour. If you should ever receive a letter from me written like copper-plate, depend upon it I am going to quarrel with you. If on the contrary, you cannot read my scrawl, be assured it is all love and gratitude, and remain satisfied with that; at least I hope so, for the only pleasure I can hope to give you is by telling you that I am your sincerely affectionate."

"*August* 13.

"I am so delighted with what you say of Llewellyn, that I cannot rest till I write to you. Has Mrs. GRAVES shewn the manuscript to any person who understands Welsh? She would not perhaps like to trust the original out of her own hands, but if she would have it copied, we could easily get it translated for her, and should consider ourselves highly obliged by a sight of it. If it is what Mrs. GRAVES supposes, it will indeed be invaluable. I have a great mind to believe that our Castle in the wood is the Castle of Buillt, for no one seems to know exactly where that is; and if the prince was killed in our grounds, it certainly is so. I hope the manuscript will settle all our doubts; at present we are obliged to fight hard, with every body we meet, in maintaining our cause. I am charmed with the name of Gwillim of Gwhent, the Blue Knight; it would be a good one for the hero of a romance.

"Could you see the state our house is in, you would not think it possible to live in it; half the walls pull'd down, foundations dug, and heaps of rubbish every where. I admire the date of your letter; it would have suited the Mistress of Gwillim

of Gwhent; but you should have a better name than Mary to please *him*, though not to please *me*, for while it belongs to you I shall ever love it."

The Castle mentioned in these letters requires some explanation. ELIZABETH discovered some remains of buildings in a wood, and thought she could trace out several round towers, a moat, &c. I remember our walking over the spot where her lively imagination had built a Castle, of which she drew a plan from the slight traces which remained. She was then unacquainted with architecture; but I shewed her little drawing to a gentleman who perfectly understood the subject, and he said that he believed she was right in her conjecture, for the plan she had drawn was exactly what was usually adopted by the Romans in their castles. The following paper will shew the indefatigable application with which ELIZABETH pursued the inquiries, which a passage in Warrington's History *

* Account of the death of Llewellyn, from Warrington's History of Wales, page 509.

"Llewellyn proceeded to the cantrew of Builit, near the water of Wye.———

of Wales led her to make, in regard to the situation of Buillt, and some other circumstances mentioned by him.

"Arthur seems to have been king of Gwhent, which comprehended all Monmouthshire, part of the dioceses of Hereford and Worcester, and the

——— "The prince was waiting in a small grove. On the enemies' first assault, his esquire came to inform him that he heard a great outcry at the bridge. The prince eagerly asked if his people were in possession of the bridge; and being told that they were, he calmly replied, then he would not stir from thence, though the whole power of England were on the other side of the river. This confidence, though not improperly placed, lasted but a moment, the grove being surrounded by the enemies' horse. Beset on every side, and cut off from his army, Llewellyn endeavoured as secretly as he could to make good his retreat, and to join the troops he had stationed on the mountain, who, drawn up in battle array, were eagerly expecting the return of their prince. In making this attempt, he was discovered and pursued by Adam de Francton, who perceiving him to be a Welshman, and not knowing his quality, plunged his spear into the body of the prince, being unarmed and incapable of defence. The Welsh were afterwards defeated, and left two thousand men dead on the field. All this time Llew-

part of Gloucestershire between the Wye and the Severn. Milton mentions Buillt in Brecknockshire. Camden mentions Kair-Lheon as a great city, having three churches, one of which was honoured with the metropolitan see of Wales. Here the Roman ambassadors received their audience at the illustrious court of the great King Arthur.

"The ancient register of Llandaff, amongst many benefactions made to that church in the times of Dubricius, Telian, and Odoceus, the three first bishops of the see, recites at length two grants, one of the lands of St. Kinmare, by Arthur king of Gwhent, son of Mouric king of Glamorgan, who gave Mochros to Dubricius; the other of Caerleon by another Arthur, king also of Gwhent, but the son of Funvail king of the same country. Funvail defeats the Saxons at Tynterne, and dies at Ma-

ellyn lay on the ground, faint, and almost expiring. He had just life enough remaining to ask for a priest. A white friar, who chanced to be present, administered to the dying prince the last duties of his office. The hurry of the action being ended, Francton came back to strip the person he had wounded. On viewing the body, which was still breathing, it was found, to the great joy of the English army, that it was the Prince of Wales."

therne, which his son gives to Cardiffe in the year 560. About A. D. 600, the archbishopric of Caerleon was removed to St. David's.

"Upon the river Wye is Buillt. Whether this town be the ancient Bullœum, or whether that city or fort were not at a place called Kareen, some miles distant from it, may be questioned. If it be urged in favour of Buillt, that it seems still to retain its ancient name; it may be answered that Buillt, which I interpret Ox-cliff, or Oxen-hill, was the name of a small country here, from whence in all probability the ancient Bullœum was denominated; but that being totally destroyed, and this town becoming afterwards the most noted place of the country, it might receive its name from it, as the former had done. But since the congruity of the names was the main argument that induced our learned author to assign this situation to the ancient Bullœum Silurum, we shall have occasion of hesitating, if hereafter we find the ruins of a Roman fort or city in a neighbouring country of the Silures."—*Carte.*

The above is only a very small part of the extracts made by Miss Smith, from Smollett, Col-

lier, Carte, Camden, and Monasticon Ang. on this subject.

"TO MISS HUNT.

"*Sept.* 27, 1792.

"I must trouble you with some family affairs, that you may know what becomes of us. To-morrow se'nnight my Mother will go to a friend in Town, not being able to stay here any longer. KITTY goes with her, and then to Mrs. CLAXTON, where I hope she will see Miss BOWDLER. I remain at home with my Father, Brother, JULIET, and the two little boys, till Christmas, when I rather think we shall all meet at Bath. Will not you be there too? I live in hopes, and like the place much better since you were so good to me there. Indeed you are too good to me, for I well know that all the pleasure, as well as the obligation, is on my side; yet, like Miss BOWDLER, you would have me believe the contrary, but I am not so easily deceived. It can be only out of good-nature that either of you write to me, or take the trouble of reading my scrawls. Apropos of scrawls, I hope you perceive great improvement. I do

not mean that the copper-plate letter is come yet; you probably will not mistake *this* for such; but in whatever way it may be written, I hope you will always be able to make out the affection with which I am yours sincerely.

" P. S. I am looking at a most divine sky, which is the whole prospect we now have from any part of the house. I want an Ossian to paint it. Where did you get those two sweet lines you sent me? I wish you would send some more by a hand I know. I have not room for all the kind things that are sent to you, but your imagination can paint better than my pen."

" *Oct.* 27, 1792.

" I have now the satisfaction of telling you, my dear friend, that all our anxiety is over. On Tuesday we gained a little brother, and both my mother and he are perfectly well. This is, as you may imagine, a great relief to me, and I know your sympathising heart will rejoice at it.

" As to our circle, I fear we are no nearer to it than others have been before us. I found an old book the other day in which was a calculation, I cannot tell you how long, which proves that we are

not perfectly exact; and as I despair of ever being more so, I shall give up all thoughts of it, for I think you are tired as well as myself."

" *Dec.* 12, 1792.

" Being determined to have a poem on Llewellyn's death, and not being able to persuade you, my dear friend, to commit forgery, I have been obliged to try my hand at it, and I send it you, because you desire me to continue rhyming; though, without making use of any of the modesty for which you so kindly give me credit, I must see that I do not deserve all that you say on that subject. However, if it be your true opinion, you must be delighted at being desired to read this volume of nonsense; and if it be not, I have taken the most effectual method to cure you of complimenting.

" I am going to Bath to-morrow to meet my mother, and am sitting up to-night to finish my letter to you. We shall be at No. 11, Circus; where I hope, if I must not expect to see you, at least I shall hear from you.

" Can you tell on what part of the banks of the Wye to find Mochros and Hentlan*? I can only find that Hentlan is between the rivers Wye and Irgudina, which last I can no where discover. Do not go far to look for it, as I know by experience what an undertaking it is. All those old authors copy after each other, and make nothing but confusion. I prefer my own way of making the history just as I please, without consulting one of them; and upon that principle, I intend to put the places I have mentioned at or near Piercefield. I could tell you a great deal more about it, if I nad time.

" It is a great happiness that Mrs. BOWDLER has not suffered from her journey, but I am sorry to hear she is now far from well. This must be a great distress to our dear friend. I wish you would transport yourself to Bath, where you would find Miss BOWDLER, as well as myself, rejoiced to see you; though I confess, it is impossible to have so

* I have lately been informed that Hentlan is a small village, four or five miles on the Hereford side of Ross. Mochros is probably the seat of Sir GEORGE CORNWALL, Bart. on the banks of the Wye, now called Moccas.

much comfort in one's friends there as in the country.——I am glad you like German so much. My Brother once began to teach me, but either found me too dull, or was too lazy to go on.—I fear we must give up our circles.—The Lusiad I never read. It was Middleton's Life of Cicero that I meant. I was not tired with its length, because the chief of its contents were new to me. I have lately undertaken Smollett's History of England, but must leave it in the middle.

" Pray excuse this wretched scrawl. I fear you will think that all my good resolutions with respect to writing are vanished; but the truth is, I am hurried; and scribbling with an intolerably bad pen; for I am unwilling to leave this place without thanking you for your letter, as there is still less time to be found at Bath; but I trust you will believe me, whether I have time to tell you so or not, and whether I write so that you can read it or not,

" Ever your sincerely affectionate Friend.

" P.S. It is now so late, that as I am to be up at six, I have no mind to go to bed at all, but I believe want of fire and candle will soon drive me there."

A supposed Translation from a Welsh Poem, lately dug up at PIERCEFIELD, *in the same spot where* LLEWELLYN AP GRYFFYD *was slain, Dec.* 10*th*, 1281.

ROUND Snowdon's shaggy brows grim darkness hung,
Save that the moon, the gather'd clouds among,
Shot forth at times a dimly-gleaming ray,
Then wat'ry, pale, turn'd her sad face away.
In Merlin's cave I sate,
And mark'd her tearful eye;
Which seem'd to mourn the fate
Decreed for some on high.

What fate's decreed by Heav'n, blest beam of night,
That so disturbs thy sweetly-smiling light?
No more it shines;—Thou turn'st thy face with scorn,
And darkly leav'st me, wretched and forlorn.
Down the steep the torrent roars,
Loud the thunder rings from far,
Billows shake the rocky shores,
All resounds the din of war.

But hark!—This elemental war is drown'd
In one more great, and more terrific sound;
A sound high Snowdon from his base to tear,
A sound the spirits of the dead shall fear!
Spirits of my sires, attend!
Down from your clouds, ye blest ones, bend!

Tell me, whence these shrieks of woe
With cries of death confus'dly flow?

Great Merlin, thou the chief of Prophets, hear!
To thy own cave 'mid stormy winds draw near;
Pour on my darken'd soul thy light divine,
And give it in fair truth's bright blaze to shine.
He comes, he comes, in mist array'd,
Slow and solemn glides the shade!
And while he speaks, the earth stands still,
List'ning to his mighty will.

" Heav'n-favour'd Bard, my words attentive hear,
" Words such as ne'er were giv'n to mortal ear;
" I tell the woes to-morrow's sun shall bring,—
" Cambria shall fall, shall lose her much-lov'd king.
" On Vaga's banks, near to where once Buillt stood,
" O'erlooking fair Sabrina's silver flood,
" Pierc'd with a spear ingloriously he'll fall,
" Whence future times that spot shall Piercefield call."
So saying, like the meteor's blaze,
The spirit flies;
And while I gaze,
The dim red light in darkness dies!

But, oh, my country! how shall I deplore
Thy cruel doom? Cambria shall be no more!
Llewellyn too, our guardian king, shall fall,
In him we lose our only hope,—our all!

Blow, ye winds; and roar, ye waves;
Rend the mountains' inmost caves;
Let loose the spirits of the storm,
Bid them rise in human form.

More fierce than they, in human form appears
That barb'rous prince, who causes all our tears;
A tiger's heart he bears beneath that face,
Which seems to promise honour, goodness, grace.
Let lightning flash,
And thunder growl,
Let torrents dash,
And the black tempest o'er me scowl;
This soul, in unison with every gust,
Shall rage and burn till I be turn'd to dust;
Ne'er shall I patient brook my country's doom,
But sighing, sorrowing, sink into the tomb.

Daughters of Cambria, with me mourn;
Sing the sad woe-breathing strain;
From your fair heads the ringlets torn,
Scatter round th' ensanguin'd plain.
No more in summer's even tide
Your gentle flocks you'll lead
To where the brook, with flow'ry side,
Slow wanders through the mead;
But soon to conquerors rude a prey,
You'll quit your native land;

And drag through life your mournful way,
A wretched, captive band!

Warriors, break the sounding mail,
Cast down the lance, the helm untie;
Arms shall now no more avail,
For you before the foe shall fly.
No more in deeds of arms renown'd
You'll dare the single fight;
Or with exulting laurels crown'd,
Assert your country's right;
But to the woods and marshes driv'n,
Ingloriously you'll sigh;
For ah! to you it is not giv'n
Amidst your friends to die!

To Piercefield's Cliffs I'll now a pilgrim go,
Shed o'er my prince belov'd the tears of woe;
There will I seek some deep and rocky cell,
Amidst the thick entangled wood to dwell;
There indulge my plaintive theme,
To the wan moon's icy beam;
While the rocks responsive ring
To my harp's high-sounding string:
Vaga stops her rolling tide,
List'ning to her ancient pride;
Birds and beasts my song attend,
And mourn with me our country's fatal end!

My friends spent three months in Bath, and we passed many happy hours together, till Mrs. SMITH and her family went to Piercefield on the 28th of Feb. The following letter was written the day before they set out from Bath.

"TO MISS HUNT.

"*Bath, Feb.* 27, 1793.

"I AM quite ashamed, my dear friend, to find that I have been so long in debt for your charming letter; though to speak properly, I shall always be so, for I cannot return one like it. I might at least have said "I thank you;" but you know how little time is to be had here; and I know, and presume upon, your goodness in excusing my idleness, and know too that I have not thought of you the less for not telling you so.

"Miss BOWDLER and I wish for you every day, so that you are in no danger of being forgotten between us; and whilst we remember you, we cannot forget to love you. I am much obliged to you for all the trouble you have taken about the places I wished to find, but I believe it is a fruitless search. I am persuaded their situation is not

known, and I intend to place them where I choose to have them.

" The above was written this morning, when I did not expect to leave this place before Friday, but I now find we are to go home to-morrow; and I must, however unwillingly, make an end of my letter. I hope to have more time at Piercefield, where we are now all to meet, after having been scattered over the face of the earth for the last half year. I shall be excessively grieved, as *you* can imagine, to leave our dear friend; but otherwise I shall not regret Bath."

At the commencement of the war, in the year 1793, many banks in the West of England failed, and Mr. SMITH's was unfortunately of that number. The domestic happiness to which ELIZABETH looked forward when she wrote the last letter, was fatally interrupted by this event; and I received from her the following letter, written only five days after she left Bath. The importance of the subject probably induced me to preserve this letter, when I destroyed many others which I shall never cease to regret. Alas! I little thought that I should live to mourn the early death of my ami-

able young friend, whose talents and virtues were my pride and delight, and who, I hoped, would have been an ornament and a blessing to the world, long after I was removed from it!——It has pleased God to order otherwise.

"*Piercefield, March* 3, 1793.

"We were within an hour of setting off from hence, and intended to have seen you, my dearest friend, to-morrow; when we were prevented, and I may say it is the only time I have ever rejoiced at being prevented seeing you. Last night, after my Mother wrote to you, we were informed by a friend that there was an execution against my Father. At ten o'clock at night the Under-Sheriff, &c. came to take possession of the house. It was secured, so that they could not enter; but you may imagine the horror of our situation in that night of storms. Fortunately the next day being Sunday, we had to watch only till twelve o'clock; and to-day we were preparing to go away at eight this evening, when we heard that my Father's attorney was come from London, that the money was provided, and the execution stopped. There

is to be a meeting of creditors to-morrow, who are to have an exact statement of all the concerns of the bank. My Mother supported herself wonderfully last night, but to-day she was quite exhausted, till this news revived her a little. Mr. and Mrs. —— were in dreadful anxiety this morning, but I hope they too are a little comforted*; in short the prospect now appears bright to what it did two hours ago, and we shall all, I hope, bear whatever happens with fortitude. Above all, my beloved friend, I entreat you not to be uneasy, for I trust all will be well. My only apprehension has been for my Mother; and I confess it has been hard work to

* In the summer of the year 1791, when the bank was in a very flourishing state, Mr. ——, who was the neighbour and friend of Mr. Smith, put his name in the firm, without advancing any part of the capital, or receiving any share of the emoluments; but on condition that his son should be taken into the house as a clerk, and be admitted a partner on his coming of age. In consequence of this circumstance, Mr. —— was involved in the misfortune which happened in the year 1793; to the regret of all who knew him, and particularly of the Smith family, as all the letters which I received from them at this period strongly prove.

appear cheerful, when I saw her agitated to the greatest degree, and knew I could in no way be of the least use; but she shewed great resolution, whenever it was necessary. My Father now writes in better spirits, and I am happy to see her a little more at ease. My Mother desires me to say a thousand kind things for her. The servants have behaved nobly, and she has had all the comfort that friends can give. If she had none but you she would be rich enough; and I shall wish for nothing more, while I know you are mine. Adieu, my dearest ——."

I went to Piercefield on the following day; but I will not attempt to describe the scene to which I was then a witness. Afflictions so nobly supported make the sufferers objects of envy rather than pity; a change of fortune, so sudden, and so unexpected, was a great trial, but it was received in a manner to command the respect of all who witnessed it. I had long seen and admired Mrs. Smith, in the situation in which she seemed peculiarly formed to shine; in one of the finest places in England, surrounded by her lovely children, with all the elegant comforts of affluence, and delighting her happy

guests by the fascinating charms of her conversation. Through all the misfortunes which marked the period of which I am now speaking, I can with truth say of Mrs. Smith, what she says of her beloved daughter, that I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her, on account of the loss of fortune; but there were other circumstances attending this sad event, which such a heart as hers must deeply feel; and a letter which is now before me, speaks the language of all that I received from her at that period:——"The business is again delayed. I am averse to this prolongation of our misery, but it is a duty we owe to Mr. and Mrs. —— to do every thing which can be likely to save them. Oh, my friend, if this amiable family were but secure, I should be no longer miserable; but as it is, the thought of their situation sometimes sinks me almost to despair." This was an affliction, under which even conscious rectitude was not sufficient to support her; but the loss of fortune, as it was occasioned neither by extravagance nor vice, and dignified by such conduct as secured the respect and esteem of their friends, was supported by every individual of the family with truly christian fortitude and resignation.

In a few days after I went to Piercefield, my friends quitted it for ever; and the young ladies spent seven or eight months with us, in and near Bath. The time which was thus spent with my mother, was certainly of great advantage to my young friend; for she was extremely fond of them, and nothing can be more just than what Mrs. SMITH says of her peculiarly happy manner of conveying instruction. Many of their favourite pursuits had been interrupted. They had lost the sublime scenes of Piercefield, which furnished an infinite variety of subjects for the pencil. They drew extremely well, and ELIZABETH was completely mistress of perspective. Her musical talents were very uncommon: she played remarkably well both on the piano-forte and harp, but she had lost her instruments. The library, of which she so well knew the value, was gone. Always averse to large parties, and with no taste for dissipation, she readily agreed to a plan of employment proposed by my Mother, and we entered on a regular course of history, both ancient and modern. At other times we studied Shakspeare, Milton, and some other English poets, as well as some of the Italians. We took long walks, and often drew from nature.

We read with great attention the whole of the New Testament, Secker's Lectures on the Catechism, and several other books on the same important subjects. After my Mother retired to rest, we usually studied the stars, and read Bonnycastle's Astronomy, which reminds me of the following circumstance. ELIZABETH told me one evening that she did not understand what is said in Bonnycastle, page 91, of Kepler's celebrated calculation; by which he discovered that the squares of the periods of the planets are in proportion to the cubes of their distances. She wanted to know how to make use of this rule, but I confessed my inability to assist her. When I came down to breakfast at nine the next morning, I found her with a folio sheet of paper almost covered with figures; and I discovered that she rose as soon as it was light, and by means of Bonnycastle's Arithmetic, had learnt to extract the cube root, and had afterwards calculated the periods and distances of several planets, so as clearly to shew the accuracy of Kepler's rule, and the method of employing it. In such pursuits as I have mentioned, I could accompany her; but in others, she had a much better assistant in our mutual friend Miss HUNT, who, fortunately for us, spent four

months in our neighbourhood, and was the companion of our studies and our pleasures. She led Miss SMITH to the study of the German language, of which she was afterwards particularly fond. She assisted her in botanical and other pursuits, as well as in different branches of the Mathematics. I do not know when ELIZABETH began to learn Spanish, but it was at an earlier period than that of which I am now speaking; when she was with us, she seemed to read it without difficulty, and some hours every morning before breakfast were devoted to these studies. She acquired some knowledge of the Arabic and Persian languages during the following winter, when a very fine dictionary and grammar, in the possession of her brother, led her thoughts to Oriental literature. She began to study Latin and Greek in the year 1794, when Mr. CLAXTON's excellent library, and improving conversation, opened to her an inexhaustible fund of information. She studied Hebrew from my Mother's bible, with the assistance of Parkhurst: but she had no regular instruction in any language except French. Her love of Ossian led her to acquire some knowledge of the Erse language, but the want of books made it impos-

sible for her to pursue that study as far as she wished. Some extracts from her letters will shew how she was employed during the following years.

Miss HUNT went into Devonshire in July, and the correspondence between her and Miss SMITH was renewed.

"TO MISS HUNT.

"*St. Winifred's Dale, Aug.* 18, 1793.

"I HAVE had it in contemplation to write to you, my dear friend, but I am very glad to be set to work immediately by the receipt of your kind letter, for which a thousand thanks. You were not mistaken in supposing it would be acceptable to me, for I am always happy to hear from you. Even if your letters had not sufficient merit to make them interesting to an indifferent person, I should love them as coming from you; how much then must I value them, considered as what they are!——Believe me, we miss you as much as you can possibly miss us. We never take a pleasant walk, or read any thing interesting, but some one says, 'I wish Miss HUNT were here;' and you may be sure that nobody contradicts it. Besides

all other reasons for this wish, I want to shew you every pretty passage I meet with in German, which I do not like half so well now that I have no one to enjoy it with me. I long to study Cicero with you, and certainly will, if we are so fortunate as to live near you, in which I promise myself great pleasure if we stay in England. I admire the German you sent me extremely. I have read none since you left me, except two books of Dr. RANDOLPH'S: Der Golden Spiegel, which is an imitation of an Eastern tale, by way of making dissertations upon government. It is entertaining, and there is an account of a happy valley that makes one long to live in it. The other book is Wiessen's Poems*, some of which are very pretty. I will send you a specimen, if I have time. I was, as well as you, delighted with the Messiah.

" You do my Tintern Abbey great honour in desiring to see it. I should have sent it by this conveyance, but Miss BOWDLER advised its waiting till we go ourselves into Devonshire. We are just going to church, and in the fear of not

* Lyrische Gedichte. 3 vol.

having more time, let me assure you of the sincere affection with which I am ever yours.

" Pray tell me whether the puzzle you sent is to be made out in Spanish or English; though you had better tell me the meaning of it at once, for I never can find out any thing of the kind. Once more adieu. I will send a longer and I hope a better letter soon, and the German Poem also."

" *October* 15.

" I WILL not tell you how sorry I was for your illness, nor how anxiously I wished for your recovery, because I trust you know me well enough to believe that I cannot be indifferent to any thing that so nearly concerns you. Indeed I have been, and still am, very anxious for better accounts, which I hope we may now daily expect, particularly after Miss BURGES's return. For your sake I am glad she is going, but for my own I cannot help exceedingly regretting it; as I wished very much to be acquainted with her, both from what I have heard you say, and from the very little I have seen of her myself; which gave me so great a desire to see more, that if I had not feared to be thought troublesome and impertinent, I should

certainly have called by myself, besides the formal visit with the rest of our party; but I considered that she could not possibly have the same wish to know me that I had to know her, and therefore I would not intrude.

" I have a nice collection of German books, which Miss BOWDLER has borrowed for me. There is the Iliad, which seems to me a very good translation. I think the *sound* is more regularly fine than Pope's, and some of the descriptions of nature are much superior to his; but the tender sentiments, which the learned say are not in the original, are not to be traced in the German translation. In that respect we shall all prefer Pope. There is the Messiah, which I am reading a second time with more pleasure than the first; a very pretty collection of poems by different persons; a Novel; and a book of Plays; so you see I am well furnished at present. I wish I had you to enjoy them with me.

" My favourite study just now is Algebra; and I find by Saunderson, that if we had consulted proper books, we should never have spent so much time in measuring squares and circles; for though by the means we used, (which were perfectly right,)

it may be brought inconceivably near, it is impossible to prove it mathematically exact. For example.—I hope you will not have the head-ach when this arrives, or you will wish my Mathematics at Bath again; but when I have learnt any thing that we used to puzzle about together, I am never easy till you know it."

"*November* 17.

"SEND me no Latin quotations, for I understand them only when the translation comes with them. I have just finished Klopstock's Messiah, which I have been reading again, as I did not above half understand it before. There is more of it than there was in Miss BURGES's, which was, I believe, only fifteen books. This is in twenty-two books, and is continued to the Ascension, with many hymns and songs afterwards. He supposes at that time a day of judgment, and that Abandona was pardoned. Pray inform Miss BURGES of this, for I remember hearing her regret his fate."

"*April* 7, 1794.

"I HAVE not thought of you the less because I have been too idle to write. You know it is an old

fault of mine, and it will be only wasting your time and my own to make an apology as long as my silence. I am very rich in German books just now, for Dr. RANDOLPH, who has a great many, has given me the *entrée* of his library, to take whatever I like. I have got your friend Kliest, which I think delightful; Haller's Poems; and Zimmerman's Einsamkeit, which pleases me more than almost any book I ever read. How much am I obliged to you for teaching me German! I assure you I never read a beautiful passage, without thinking it is to you I owe the pleasure I enjoy, and wishing you could enjoy it with me; for after all it is but a selfish sort of thing to read merely to entertain *oneself*. There are some ideas in Zimmerman upon a future state very like your book.* I envy you extremely in reading Virgil, I must learn Latin some day or other. At present I am *puzzling* at Persian and Arabic, and I mean to begin Hebrew. I get on least with Spanish, for I have been able to meet with only one book since I read Don Quixotte, which was the History of the Incas, by Garcillasso de la Vega. I was very

* Essay on the Happiness of the Life to come.

much pleased with it, though it is very long, and in some parts tedious. I wish I had your patience to translate from one language to another, for I believe it is the only way of being perfect in any; but I succeed so ill in writing, of any kind, that I never like to attempt it. I met with a thought in Haller, which was new to me, and pleased me much; but, perhaps, if you have met with it before, it may not strike you as it did me. Speaking of the weakness of reason without revelation, he says,

"Vernunft kan, wie der mond, ein trost der dunkeln Zeiten,
"Uns durch die braune nacht mit halbem schimmer leiten;
"Der warheit morgen-roht zeigt erst die wahre welt,
"Wann Gottes sonnen-licht durch unser dâmmrung fällt.*"

"I forgot to thank you for all the trouble you took about Canada. It was very kind indeed, and therefore like yourself; but I am sorry to say it was to no purpose, for it is entirely given up; much

* "Reason, like the moon, a consolation in darkness, can guide us with its faint rays through the dusky night. The morning dawn of truth shews the real world, when the light of the sun breaks through our twilight."—*Haller on Reason, Superstition, and Infidelity.*

against my will, for I was delighted with the idea, and wished excessively to go, but I despair of ever seeing it now."

"*Bath, Sept.* 27, 1794.

"I HAVE no sort of apology to offer for my laziness, and no claim to your forgiveness, except the assurance that my silence proceeded from no other cause than a fit of the above-mentioned disease, which you know I am often troubled with. If you think this a sufficient reason for pardoning me, it is more than I do myself. It is strange that though we all wish for happiness, few choose to comply with the conditions by which it may be obtained: thus I have been daily wishing for a letter from you, and yet could not persuade myself to write, which I well knew was the only condition on which I could expect it. Two circumstances fix me to this point of time. Miss BOWDLER is to send a parcel to-morrow, and we are going to leave Bath and its neighbourhood; not, I assure you, without great regret at leaving our good friends here. I cannot help imagining that I am parting from you amongst the rest, in being removed so much further from you, but I

hope you will not give me up as an ungrateful wretch not worth your notice, but let me hear *from* you; particularly as I shall not hear *of* you, as I now do, from Miss Bowdler, and because I shall be inconsolable in London if you do not. We are so happy here, seeing our dear friend two or three times every day, that I know not how we shall bear the change.——For my part I promise myself no other pleasure in town than that of seeing some of those I love, happy. As to the place itself, you may suppose it is the last that I should choose.—

" We are just returned from a walk to Prior-Park with Miss Bowdler; the last I fear that we shall take together for a long time. She has given me your little book of Astronomy*. It is a very pretty thing.

" I have had great store of Spanish lately: the Theatro Critico Universale, by Feyjoo, a very clever work in 11 volumes: and I am now reading *post-haste* Mariana's History of Spain, of which I have only read half, but am determined to finish it before I go. It is not so interesting as some other

* Lectures on Astronomy and Natural Philosophy.

histories, but one must know it. There are so many different states, sometimes united, sometimes divided; so many kings, sometimes all of one name, now friends, now enemies; so many marriages, so many battles, and so many treaties, that it seems to me impossible to have a clear idea of the work. You will perhaps think that I read to little purpose.—With this you will receive Zimmerman. Remember, I do not insist on your admiring the whole, nor do I promise that you will find Haller very poetical.—I am very much hurried, for we are engaged to dine at Mrs. Bowdler's. *Leben sie wohl mein theure*, and believe me ever most affectionately yours."

Miss Smith removed with the family to London in October 1794, and to Shirley in November, from whence she returned to town in February 1795. Shirley is the seat of John Claxton, esq. To this gentleman, and to his lady, who is nearly related to Mr. Smith, the family always acknowledge the highest obligations*. During four

* See Mrs. Smith to Dr. Randolph. Appendix, Letter III.

months spent with these valuable friends, Miss SMITH began to study Latin, and the following letter will shew the progress she made. Mr. CLAXTON authorizes me to say that he never gave her any regular instruction, and that his library did not contain translations of any of the books which she mentions in the next letter.

" TO MISS HUNT.

" *London, Feb.* 1795.

" I BELIEVE I told you I should learn Latin before I saw you next, and Shirley was a very good place for it. I therefore began soon after I went there; and I have read Cæsar's Commentaries, Livy, and some volumes of Cicero, amongst which I almost wish the letters to his friends had not been, for they shew his whole character to be so much *put on*, that they have let him down many degrees in my opinion. As to Persian, all my books are at Bath, so that I shall most probably forget the little I knew when I saw you last. I have met with neither German nor Spanish books; so that if it were not for Latin, I should be quite in despair. I am very impatient to begin Virgil."

" *March* 11, 1795.

" I HAVE just finished the second book of the Georgics, and was particularly delighted with the last eighty-four verses. The description of the storm in the first book I think is very fine."

" *Shirley, July* 28, 1795.

" I THINK as you do of Emilia Galotti. Die Räuber I never saw. Indeed I have scarcely read any German or Spanish since I left Bath. I must tell you that I cannot help being quite reconciled to Cicero. I have gone through all that I can find here of his works, and am so fully persuaded that a man who could write as he does could have no *great* faults, that I must, with your leave, forgive his *little* ones. If you have not yet met with it, only read, as a sample, the first book of his Tusculan Disputations, ' de contemnenda morte;' and I think you will agree with me, that with the addition of Christianity to confirm his suppositions, and rectify a few mistakes in them, and the knowledge of the true state of the universe, no doctrine can be more perfect than his; and that half the modern books on the subject might have been

spared, had the writers of them, before they began, read this dialogue.

" I have just finished Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, which Miss BOWDLER long ago desired me to read. It is extremely interesting and instructive. Here is another of her favourites, Spenser, which I once gave up in despair, but which I am very glad I have read, for I am charmed with it, and I think some of the lesser poems are even superior to the Fairy Queen. We have read Mr. Gisborne's book * aloud, and all the party was extremely pleased with it.

" I have got a new Atlas of all the remarkable fixed stars that are visible to us, without the figures. I would shew it to you, if you would meet me on the wing of Pegasus, or any other convenient place you will appoint in the upper regions, for it does not seem probable that we should soon see each other in these below."

" *Shirley, Oct.* 5, 1795.

" I HAVE been longer than I intended (according to custom) in answering your kind letter, and now I know not where this will find you. I will how-

* On the Duties of Man.

ever direct to Bath, hoping your comfortable party is not yet dissolved, though I have little chance of finding you together, as the time of our transplantation appears very uncertain, and probably is not very near. It was very good of you to wish for me by the sea-side, and I know nothing I should have enjoyed so much as seeing it for the first time with you; but I cannot help thinking the companions you had were more agreeable than I should have been. I should like to see what you and your '*thoughts and reflections*' produced.

" I am quite delighted with you for teaching our dear friend German, and with her for learning it. You know we have always set our hearts upon her reading it, and only half enjoyed our favourite books while she could not partake of our pleasure.

" I have not seen Gellert. Oberon I have read, and was much pleased with some parts of it. It is a little in the style of Ariosto. Pray tell Miss Burges, (since she does me the honour to enquire,) that of Spenser's lesser poems I was most pleased with Astrophel, some of the Eclogues, particularly January and June, and the Hymn in honour of Beauty, which is as well written as if he had studied Lavater. I have just finished Froissard,

which, though rather tedious, I found very entertaining, and in a much pleasanter style than most of the modern French writers. Immediately before this great undertaking, I read the Memoirs of Petrarch, which made a very good line of history, containing the whole of the fourteenth century. With this book I was excessively pleased. It is impossible not to love Petrarch, if it were only for crying when his father threw Cicero and Virgil into the fire. He was a passionate admirer of Cicero, and I think a strong resemblance may be traced between their characters, though the circumstances in which they lived were so different. You see in both the same love of glory, the same patriotism, the same high opinion of himself, which he endeavours to conceal from others, perhaps even from himself, by a cloak of humility. You discover in each an equal warmth of friendship; and I cannot help thinking that if Cicero had met with Laura, or Petrarch been consul in the flourishing times of the Roman republic, the former would have been the poet, and the latter the orator. I hope I have improved a little in Botany this summer as well as you."

" *March* 3, 1796.

" HAVE you seen Mason's new volume of Poems? There are some very beautiful things in it. I have been feasting lately on German poetry. The Graff von Stolberg; Hölty; Matthison; and a translation of Young. I have been much pleased with Zimmerman's Nationalstoltz.

" My ears are stunned and my patience exhausted, by the ridiculous and contradictory reports that are incessantly vociferated on all sides of me. No one can speak or write of any thing but the French. If they have not murdered or enslaved our persons, they have at least taken complete possession of our minds, and banished every idea of which they are not the object. As you probably hear as much, and are as tired of them as myself, I will only assure you, that they have not driven from my brain the idea of you, nor from my heart the tender affection with which I am, &c."

On the 22d of May 1796, Mrs. and Miss SMITH set out for Ireland, where they staid only three or four months. The following letter was written the day before ELIZABETH left Bath. The dejec-

tion expressed in it was occasioned by sorrows of a very different description from the loss of fortune.

" *Bath, May* 21.

" My lazy fit has lasted so long this time, that I dare not venture to make any apology for it, and scarcely should I dare to write again, but that I cannot resolve to quit this island without once more assuring my dear friend, that my esteem and affection are not in the least abated by absence, and that I love her exactly as much as if I had told her so an hundred times over.

" My Mother and I set off to-morrow morning for Ireland. Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby have sent us a most obliging invitation to their house, and I hope we shall pass a day and a night there. Do you not envy us this visit? If we could carry you and our beloved friend with us, it would be more than earthly happiness. On the whole, I am extremely pleased with the idea of our expedition; for besides my natural love of rambling, and of seeing and knowing every thing that is worth the trouble, I am weary of the world. To quit it is not in my power; but in leaving England, I shall leave the only world with which

I am acquainted, the scene of all our miseries. You never before heard me complain of miseries. I never before had any to complain of. Against this negative pleasure in quitting this country, is to be set the positive pain of leaving some very dear friends; but I seldom see you and Miss Bowdler, and I shall still have the consolation of loving you. I shall leave my Kitty with great regret, but we must learn to bear it. We are happy in the thoughts of seeing my Father, who has been very uncomfortably situated during the last year. We talk of returning in the autumn, and I am glad it is talked of, because it makes my Mother quit England with less reluctance than she otherwise would; but I strongly suspect that we shall either take up our abode in Ireland, or go abroad wherever the regiment may happen to be ordered; 'but this is written in the book of fate, and no human eye can read it.' I am grieved at going from Bath just before you come. I have not seen you these two years, and I may be drowned, I may never return, I may never see you again till 'the life to come.' By the bye, have you read Lavater's *Geheime Tagebuck, &c.?* There is in it a quotation from a sermon by his friend

Pfenningen, so exactly like your little book, that I wanted you to read it with me. I can give you no account of my studies, but that I have read nothing in the last half year.

" My Mother and I are going this morning to breakfast with, and take leave of, our dear Miss BOWDLER; though I believe I shall not be so satisfied, but make a push to see her again after dinner, which is the only time besides breakfast that she has to spare from her constant attendance on poor Mrs. BOWDLER. I wish you were here to comfort her; she wants it sadly. As you probably will be with her great part of the time that we are absent, I hope constantly to hear of her from you. Do not forget me; and be assured whatever changes may happen to me, of fortune, or habitation, my sincere affection for my MARY will never change. Adieu, perhaps for ever !"

The visit in Langollen Vale more than answered the expectation of my friends, and the very obliging manner in which they were received, was highly gratifying to me. I had a letter from Miss SMITH on this subject, which I particularly regret;

but it was destroyed with many others. Mrs. and Miss SMITH were much pleased with what they saw of Ireland, and very grateful for many civilities received there; but I have nothing written at that time to Miss HUNT, except the following short letter.

"*Sligo, August* 8, 1796.

"I HAVE not time to say half what I think and feel in answer to your last letter, my dearest MARY; I will call you so since you like it, though I had forgot that I was ever so impertinent to do it before. I frequently wish for you and our beloved friend, to make you wander through a valley, between mountains tossed together in all the wild and rugged forms imaginable, with an hundred cascades dashing from their summits, and forming a beautiful lake at the bottom; to shew you the fine effects of light and shade on the hills when the sun shines; and when he does not, the clouds hiding their heads, descending half way down them, and sometimes entirely blotting them out of the landscape; then breaking away by degrees, and ascending like smoke. I never before knew so well what Ossian meant by the thick mist of

the valley, and the ragged skirts of a cloud as it sails slowly over the dark heath. I often think I see the grey cloud of which his father's robe is made. I hope we may meet in the winter; but sometimes I almost despair. However, I shall not be less in one place than another your tenderly affectionate friend."

Mrs. and Miss SMITH spent four months in Ireland, and returned to Bath in October. At Kingston-Lodge, the seat of the late venerable Earl of Kingston*, they passed some weeks; and the happiness they enjoyed there was always mentioned by them with the warmest gratitude. From thence they removed with Captain SMITH to the Barracks at Sligo, and ELIZABETH wrote the following letter to Lady ISABELLA KING, in whose friendship and correspondence she thought herself particularly happy; and who has favoured me with some extracts from her letters, which I hope will not be uninteresting to those who value

* Edward, father to the late, and grandfather to the present Earl.

the unstudied effusions of a grateful and affectionate heart.

" TO THE LADY ISABELLA KING.

" *Sligo*, 1796.

" A THOUSAND thanks to my dearest Lady ISABELLA for her charming letter. It is the first comfort I have met with since we parted, for every thing has conspired to remind us of what we are otherwise not at all disposed to forget,—the happiness we enjoyed at Kingston-Lodge.

" We were most completely wet long before we reached Sligo, and when we did arrive, we had every thing to unpack; beds to contrive, &c. &c. All our fatigues however are at length over, and I hope we shall now go on tolerably well. We have a pretty view of a bay of the sea, (which looks like a lake,) and some fine mountains. How much more beautiful should I think this scene, if you were looking at it with me!

" We are all very well, and much amused with the little misfortunes that happen to us. You ask

what we have been doing, saying, and thinking. For the first we have been trying to set ourselves in order, and receiving company. As to our words and thoughts, except the necessary consultations on what was to be done next, I believe they have been chiefly directed towards Kingston-Lodge. How I like Sligo, I cannot yet tell; for the day we arrived I was so glad to be in it, that I did not observe how it looked; and yesterday it rained again, and we did not go out. Thus I have had no opportunity of looking for German books, nor do I much expect to find any. Most heartily do I hope that our garden plan may be realized, because your Ladyship is one of the very few people I think worthy to understand German. This is a high compliment, for in order to feel and relish it thoroughly, it is necessary to possess every quality that I most admire.

"Lord KINGSTON *must* return sooner than September, or we must stay longer, for should we be gone before you come to Mr. COOPER's, I shall be miserable. I have only time to add, and that but imperfectly, the sincere affection and gratitude with which I am ever yours, &c."

In one of Mrs. SMITH's letters to the Editor, the removal to Sligo is thus described:

"WE had spent three happy weeks at the hospitable mansion of Lord KINGSTON, from whence we set off on horseback for our quarters, which were about twenty miles distant. During the last ten miles of the journey it rained most heavily and without ceasing. We arrived at the Barracks dripping wet; our baggage was not come, and owing to the negligence of the Quarter-master, there was not even a bed to rest on. The whole furniture of our apartments consisted of a piece of a cart-wheel for a fender; a bit of iron, probably from the same vehicle, for a poker; a dirty deal table, and three wooden-bottomed chairs. It was the first time we had joined the regiment, and I was standing by the fire, meditating on our forlorn state, and perhaps dwelling too much on the comforts I had lost, when I was roused from my reverie by ELIZABETH's exclaiming, 'O what a blessing!' 'Blessing!' I replied, 'there seems none left.' 'Indeed there is, my dear Mother: for see here is 'a little cupboard.' I dried my tears, and endeavoured to learn fortitude from my daughter."

Mrs. SMITH has often mentioned to her friends the ingenuity, as well as good humour, with which ELIZABETH contrived to make a currant tart in this uncomfortable dwelling, when it appeared quite impracticable. I mention these trifling circumstances, because I wish to convince my *young* readers that learning is not incompatible with the most minute attention to all the peculiar duties, as well as to all the elegant accomplishments, which belong to the female character. For the same reason I think it right to notice Miss SMITH's particular attention to œconomy, when circumstances made it proper. No young lady dressed with more elegant simplicity, but none could do this at less expense. She made a gown, or a cap, or any other article of dress, with as much *skill* as she displayed in explaining a problem in Euclid, or a difficult passage in Hebrew: and nothing which she thought it right to do was ever neglected. The modesty and simplicity of her character is so justly described in a letter written * since her death by her friend THOMAS WILKINSON to Mrs. SMITH, that I hope I may be permitted to make a few extracts from it.—

* See Appendix. Letter IX.

" Her acquirements must be allowed to have been wonderful; but to me the most astonishing thing is how she has done so much, for she never appeared to do any thing, and every one who saw her would have been more apt to have supposed her indolent than industrious; but though her progress of improvement was silent as light, yet it was certain as time. In her knowledge she was as modest as in every thing else; never presuming to be *wise* on a discovery or a judicious observation. Always simple, sweet, and innocent in her demeanour, she never gave herself an air of consequence for genius, learning, or beauty, though she possessed them all. In company she kept back so much, that some would be in danger of forgetting she was there; but when called on to speak, she did it so much to the purpose, so pleasingly, and so unaffectedly, that one wished no one to speak but herself. Some might have supposed her of an absent cast, but nothing was further from her character, for her replies were the readiest I ever knew, when information was wanted. Her countenance was serious, but she not unfrequently smiled, and it was the smile of complacency and peace."

After a second visit at Kingston-Lodge, the ladies removed with Captain SMITH to Lisburn, from whence the next letter was written to Lady ISABELLA KING.

"*Lisburn, Sept.* 13, 1796.

"MY dearest Lady ISABELLA will, I hope, believe that I should not so long have delayed fulfilling my promise of writing to her, had not many impediments come in the way. First, on our arrival here we recollected that no letter could reach Kingston-Lodge till Thursday; it was therefore useless to write on Saturday, and since that time we have been in constant expectation of being ordered to march; and as my chief object in writing to you is a selfish one,—to have the happiness of hearing from you,—I waited till I could tell where to direct. I believe, however, it is now settled that we remain here till we go to England; and when that will be I know not. Now I have got over this tiresome preface, which I hate of all things, let me amuse myself with telling you how sincerely I regret Kingston-Lodge, and its kind inhabitants, and above all our little walks in the shrubbery, which I have been wishing for every

day since By the bye I have a little quarrel with a certain lady for a speech she made me the last moment I saw her, importing that I should forget her as soon as I was gone, or some such vile idea. I could not quarrel at the moment, but wrote some verses to assure her it was impossible: they were however too sleepy to send, and I must content myself with assuring her in plain prose, that every day, by making me feel the want of her sweet society, endears her to me if possible still more.

" I forgot to tell you that we met with no accident on our journey, except laming the horses, and tiring them so that we were obliged to leave them at Lurgen, ten miles from hence, to be led home on Saturday. Poor Brunette*, considering she was not quite well when she set out, performed surprisingly, and has now, with a few days' rest, quite recovered from her fatigues. The riders were not at all tired, but much amused with their journey. The country on this side of Belturbet is very pretty; about Monaghan beautiful, composed entirely of green hills, rivers, lakes, and fine woods. On this side of Armagh, though still richly culti-

* A horse which Lady Eleanor King had given to Miss Smith.

vated, it grows gradually too flat to please me, till it spreads about this place nearly into a plain, which, though it is very rich, and in general much admired, cannot compensate to me for the mountains about Sligo.

" We saw on a hill between Carrick and Ballynamore, an immense figure cut in stone, which the country people told us was Fiuhn Mac Coul, who you know is Macpherson's Fingal. If you can learn any particulars respecting it, I shall be much obliged to you. The only curiosity we saw besides was one of the old round towers that puzzle the Antiquarians so much at Clones.

" I must tell you a piece of good fortune that befell me by the way. The inn where we breakfasted at Armagh was opposite to a bookseller's shop, and my Mother proposed going to see if there were any Irish books. We went, and found the first number of an Irish Magazine now publishing at Belfast, in which was a grammar, and some poems with translations. You will suppose I have been very busy ever since. If you have any thoughts of learning the language, I would advise you to get this book. Pray remember me most kindly, gratefully, and respectfully, to Lady ELEANOR; give

my love to Miss KING, and to my best friend Lady ISABELLA say—nothing;—she knows, I hope, that I love her entirely.

" Our little plan of riding with my Father through Scotland is impracticable, as no officer can leave his regiment at present. This place is head-quarters: which I am glad of, because we have the band, which is a very good one.

" I hope you observe what a curious mistake I have made in beginning on the wrong side of the paper.—As this is a *Hebrew* letter, or rather the letter of a fool, please to begin at the end."

" *Bath, Jan.* 13, 1797.

" FULLY did I intend, on receiving your Ladyship's long-wished-for letter, to obey your orders, and answer it directly. At length after nearly a month has elapsed, here I am set down to begin, but when I shall finish is more than I know, for I have a strange antipathy to writing to any one I love when any human creature is present: it is as bad as talking in mixed company. I feel a sort of restraint which extends even to my ideas, and I cannot think freely. I carry this so far, that I do not like to read a book which interests me when

any one is present, and always make to myself a kind of solitude by hiding my face with it when I come to a passage which particularly pleases me. I believe this is a sort of pride, which cannot bear to expose its feelings to observation. Whatever may be the cause, so it is; and I have been waiting in hopes of being left alone to write to my dearest Lady Isabella. It has never happened till to-day; for there are so many of us that we have no separate rooms, but all sit constantly together. Do not consider this as an apology for not writing sooner; apologies are the first things we should banish from our new correspondence, as being weeds which are apt to over-run the whole letter, to the destruction of every plant of common sense which possibly might otherwise fill their place. Your Ladyship's first rule will stand instead of all apologies. Secondly, for the liberty of talking nonsense; I must grant what I beg to be allowed for myself: moreover, I should hate a letter which contained nothing but good sense; it would be as dull as those assemblies where people meet to talk sense, and no one dares utter a syllable. Thirdly, you shall change your subject, break off, and begin again, and play as many variations as you

please. As to not writing to me for six months, I do not feel myself sufficiently disinterested to grant *that* with my own free will; though it is not in my power to help myself, if you will not write to me, and I certainly never shall harbour any suspicion or distrust, for there is nothing to which I have such a decided aversion. Were I to say that I should not find pleasure in reading your Ladyship's letters, in whatever number of scraps and humours they were written, I hope you would not believe me. As for the hand-writing, it is a maxim of mine, that whoever writes me a copper-plate letter, does not love me, and *vice versâ*. I never can take pains, (though at best my hand is very bad,) except when I am writing a stiff letter to somebody I care not a button about. Finally, I never read any thing out of a letter, except it be some article of news, or some common-place observation, because I think that what is most interesting to the person to whom the letter is addressed, is exactly what the rest of the world will hear with indifference, perhaps with ridicule, as not understanding or entering into the sentiments of the writer.

" My Mother has read Camilla. I have not, being at present quite taken up with some delightful

German books. Indeed I never shall be satisfied till you learn German. There is one book which you may and must read *directly*, 'The Italian.' I will say nothing of its contents.

"We heard from my Father about a week ago. He was at Newton-Ards, and very well. Amidst all our fears on the subject of the French invasion, (though I cannot say mine were ever very great,) we could not help encouraging some faint hope that Bath might be thought a safer place than Ireland for the Kingston family; and if our good neighbours the Messieurs had done no more harm, we would have made them very low curtsies, and thanked them with all our hearts. Our Millennium Hall scheme appears so distant, that I fear we shall be grown cross disagreeable old maids before we can put it in execution.

"I beg you will never be at any trouble to collect news for me. There is nothing I care so little about, unless it immediately concerns the Kingston family, particularly *one* member of it, and then the smallest circumstance can never appear trifling to me.—I do not by any means feel that I shall never see you again; on the contrary, I am persuaded that we shall meet in some corner or other

of the earth.—Have the goodness to present my Mother's and my kindest respects to Lady ELEANOR and Lord KINGSTON, and our love to Miss KING. There is not room to tell you what to say to my dearest Lady ISABELLA.

"If you see the Elphin* family, pray remember us most kindly to them. We are not much gayer here than you are at Kingston-Lodge, for we go out very little; but that I do not regret, though I should enjoy it perhaps as much as other people, if I was in the habit of it," &c.

The remainder of this correspondence is of later date, and will appear in its proper place.

When Mrs. and Miss SMITH returned to Bath in October 1796, they found my Mother extremely ill, and from them she received every comfort which friendship could bestow. The kind attention which she always experienced from Mrs. SMITH made a very deep impression on her heart; and it is impossible I should ever forget that to her my beloved parent was indebted, during the last ten years of her life, for some of the happiest hours she enjoyed. The same unwearied kindness cheered the last days

* Dr. Law, Bishop of Elphin.

of *her* life, and supported me in one of the most trying scenes of *mine*. My Mother died on the 10th of May 1797. Miss SMITH was then staying with us, and read three sermons to her on the preceding evening, when she appeared uncommonly well.—Perhaps this awful scene might give a peculiarly serious turn to a mind which was always disposed to deep reflection, and fervent piety. The following reflections are taken from her little pocket-books, and were written in 1796 and 1797.

"I FIND it is a very good method to write down my thoughts as they occur, for an idea often strikes me, which, turning to something else, I forget immediately: but considering it as much as is necessary to write it down, makes me more acquainted with the subject, and makes my thoughts more *my own*. For want of some such plan, I see people dreaming away their lives in inactivity of mind, without forming any opinions of their own, till from paying no attention to their thoughts, they come not to think at all."

"WHEN we contemplate the ways of Providence, we are like a person unskilled in painting, who

looks at a half-finished picture; he is immediately struck with the want of harmony in the colouring, and the improper disposition of light and shade, and thinks he shews his wisdom by finding faults in the whole plan, and in the execution of every part; but let him wait till it is finished, and he will then be forced to acknowledge that every stroke has contributed to the beauty of the whole, and that what he considered as defects, now appear the chief beauties of the piece. Perhaps there is none but an artist equal to the painter of the picture, who can, before it is finished, imagine what effect will be produced: unless then we can suppose the creature to be equal to the Creator, and the picture to rise up against the painter, let us not presume to call in question the ordinances of God, but wait till his plans are accomplished, when we shall be convinced that 'whatever is, is right.'"

"Is the capacity of man finite? Is God infinite? How can the finite comprehend the infinite?"

"The pity of the world appears to be very much misplaced; it is entirely withdrawn from those who have fallen into misfortune through their own

fault, and most liberally bestowed on the virtuous unfortunate. But the virtuous have no need of pity; they never can be miserable, whatever may befall them; and it is their place to look down with pity on the wicked, whether glorying in the smiles of fortune, or despairing at her frowns."

"I do not see that the failure of intellect which we sometimes observe in old people, and in young ones in some cases of sickness, is any argument against the immortality of the soul. We are ignorant how the soul will act after its separation from the body; but we know that during their union, neither can do any thing without the assistance of the other; therefore, when the faculties decay, we are not to suppose that the soul is injured, but that the organs, whatever they are, by which it communicates with the body, and by which ideas are presented to it, have sustained some damage. As, if a man become blind, we do not say that his soul is changed, but that the organ by which images were presented to it, is injured; and accordingly, if his eyes are cured, the soul is just as able to distinguish objects as ever. In the same manner, the sick person, whose nerves

(or whatever it is on which the soul immediately acts) have recovered their tone, is able to think, and speak, and understand, as formerly. The workman is not in fault, but some part of his machine is out of order."

"THE most difficult vice to conquer, is pride; I mean a high idea of our own merits, and a spirit of rebellion. This came in Eve's way; she fell, and perhaps there is not one of her posterity who would not have done the same."

"REASON is the most unreasonable of all things, for without common sense to guide it, it never knows where to stop."

"THE most inconsistent thing in the world is to expect consistency of man, at the same time that we know him to be entirely dependent on circumstances. What we have most earnestly wished, is often proved by events to have been the worst thing that could happen to us. We do, and must, change our opinions according to every circumstance that occurs, unless we could know all things, and take in the present, past, and future, at a glance."

" It is surprising how the opinions of the same person change in the course of a few years. It is therefore improving, as well as amusing, to write down the thoughts that occur, in order to look them over after some time, and see in what respects I may have advanced, in what receded, and rectify errors."

" I have no idea of heaping up money, or of any pleasure in saying so much is mine; it is not mine till I use it. I shall therefore, whenever I have any, lay it out as I find proper occasions; trusting to that Providence which has never suffered me to want, even when I had no probable means of subsisting, to supply me when I stand in need. Never refuse to give to-day, lest you should want to-morrow."

" How light are all the troubles of this world to those who value every thing it contains according to its real worth! They may appear insensible to those who reckon by a different standard, but they can bear even this imputation, for they know the value of human applause. How happy should

we be, if we could always *feel* as we *sometimes think!*"

"I CANNOT bear to hear people say, 'such a person did me a favour, but I have returned it, and am no longer obliged to him.' If any one does me a favour, without the least expectation or wish of a reward, though it should afterwards be in my power to do ten times more for that person, I can never repay the original obligation, which from its nature does not admit of any recompense, but remains for ever in its full force."

"ONE great cause of the republican spirit which prevails at present, appears to have been a false principle in education, that it is necessary to convince a child by reason before you expect him to obey. Now reason, being the faculty of comparing ideas already presented to the mind, cannot exist in a child, to whom few or no ideas have been presented; and no one was ever convinced by the reasoning of another. It is therefore impossible to convince him; and if he be suffered to do as he please till he be capable of reasoning, it is a great chance if his understanding be not so warped by

the practice of evil, that he mistake it for good; and it is most probable that he may have contracted such a habit of disobedience, as not willingly to submit to the laws of his country, or even to those of his God."

"The progress of understanding is like learning to play on a musical instrument. Education does not create it, any more than a music-master creates fingers, it only gives us the power of using them rightly. Give an instrument to a person who has never heard music, and who is ignorant of the principles of it, he will probably produce some sound, but it will be discordant and without meaning. This I should suppose the state of a man who has always lived on a desolate island by himself. He will have found the use of his bodily organs, but will scarcely have discovered his mental faculties. On the contrary, a person who has been taught the principles of music, makes himself perfectly acquainted with them by practice, till from playing the music of others, he at length composes new on the same principles; as he learns to use his understanding first by reading and hearing the opinions of others, and then forms his own. Thus

the soul and body are reciprocally as the musician and the instrument."

"I FIND nothing so effectual in abating self-conceit, as to look on people who evidently have quite as high an opinion of themselves in any given respect, as I have, and to see that they are mistaken. It is very possible I may be so too."

"IT is the fashion now to consider the abilities of women as being on an equality with those of men. I do not deny that there may be many women, whose abilities, and still more their powers of conversation, are superior to those of the generality of men; but there never was among women a Milton, a Newton, &c.

"THE more talents and good qualities we have received, the more humble we ought to be, because we have the less merit in doing right."

"How very narrow are all the limits of the human understanding! Our situation in this world is like that of a person groping about in the dark. Whatever part of science we turn into, we meet

with no obstacles that may not easily be surmounted, we flatter ourselves that we have made great discoveries, and think there will be no end of our progress till we perfectly understand every thing; when on a sudden we knock our heads against the mud walls of our habitation, and are beat back by the blow to the centre of ignorance from whence we set out."

"No event which I thought unfortunate has ever happened to me, but I have been convinced, at some time or other, that it was not a misfortune, but a blessing. I can never then in reason complain of any thing that happens, because I am persuaded it is permitted for some good purpose."

"I AM surprised, on observing my thoughts, to find how very rarely they are employed in any thing worth thinking about, how seldom they are even common sense. Conscience tells me that a great part of my life is wasted in foolish imaginations and idle dreams."

"WE cannot have a more striking proof of the incapacity of man, than the methods he takes to

hide from himself his own ignorance. When he meets with any thing in nature which he can neither explain nor understand, he invents a name by which he imposes on the world with an appearance of wisdom; and sometimes even fancies himself wise, because he has not acknowledged his ignorance. For instance, we pretend to know what it is that moves the planets in their orbits, and we call it attraction; though it is plain we are no wiser than if the word had never been used. We meet with a fossil of which we cannot account for the formation, a plant or an animal differing from any we have before seen, we say it is a *lusus naturæ*. Some person is affected with a disorder we do not understand, it is immediately said to be nervous. If two or three of our acquaintance are affected in the same manner, it is a disorder that goes about, it is in the air; though perhaps the air has no more to do with it than any of the other elements; and each person after uttering one of these wise sentences, sits down satisfied that he has completely explained his subject."

"It is not surprising that so few, so very few geniuses appear in the world, if we consider how

many circumstances are necessary to their production; for it is not enough that nature has given a bold and enterprising spirit, capable of the greatest undertakings, if the shell it inhabits is rooted to one spot, and compelled to labour for daily bread: it is not enough that she has created a poet, if the mind, full of ardour and enthusiasm, be doomed to plod the dull round of trade. She has in vain bestowed the faculty of deep investigation, and of tracing the hidden causes of things, on one, who, in the constant hurry of action, finds no leisure for meditation; or given to a woman a spirit of curiosity able to make useful discoveries in every branch of science, which, from a narrow prejudice, must be confined to the affairs of her neighbours. Thus I am persuaded genius often exists, but lies concealed, sometimes even from the possessor of it, for want of occasions to call it forth."

"THEY are most vain, who *say* they have no vanity: for no one ever thought that the want of vanity he boasts of, proceeded from want of merit; he rather thinks that he excels all mankind in having a mind superior to vanity; and what is this opinion, but the summit of vanity?"

" THE greatest misfortune in the world is to have more learning than good sense."

" MANY people find fault with those who study languages, and say they study only words, and forget ideas; but those who do so never will learn any number of languages, for it is totally impossible to remember so great a number of words as is contained in *one* language without affixing ideas to them. The truth is, those who learn languages to any purpose, study ideas *only*, through the medium of words their signs. Unless we clearly understand the sign, we cannot comprehend the thing signified. Those who consider this matter at all, must acknowledge that there are very few words in the English language which have any meaning in English, but that they are chiefly derived from the Saxon, French, Latin, Greek; and those again from the Hebrew, and other Eastern languages. It follows, therefore, that those only who understand all those languages, (perhaps many more might be added,) *perfectly* understand English; and those who are acquainted with none of them, speak the words they have learnt from custom, like a parrot, but without clearly under-

standing the ideas which are meant to be conveyed by them. The study of languages is therefore not only pleasing and profitable for the sake of reading the poetry, and other books which cannot be translated; but it gives a much higher relish for the beauties of our own language, by enabling us to feel the force of every expression, which a common reader passes over without observation."

"THOSE who know a little are very anxious to reform every thing; those who know more, are convinced of the impossibility of complete reformation, and therefore are inclined to leave every thing as they found it. Those who understand French, or Latin, or German, derive all English words from whichever of those languages they happen to be acquainted with, and endeavour to write and pronounce them accordingly; and certainly our language has suffered much from these pretended reformers. On the contrary, if they were to make themselves acquainted with all the languages above-mentioned, they would probably discover that they had been mistaken in many of their etymologies. The English tongue is perhaps more mixed than any other, and its corruptions

are chiefly owing to half-learned reformers. This reasoning is applicable to all schemes of *general* reformation. We had better not meddle with what we do not understand; and if we put the question *home*, what is that we *do* understand?"

"It appears to me probable that in the original language, all the nouns, and the roots of verbs, (which were the third person singular of the preterite,) were monosyllables, perhaps consisting of not more than two letters; and that from thence the different tenses of the verbs, and the derivations of the nouns, were formed by the addition of a letter before or after. The confusion at Babel might consist in some men's being deprived of the power of pronouncing certain letters."

"From the little information I can collect by tracing languages towards their source, it appears probable that when the inhabitants of the earth quarrelled at Babel, and dispersed in consequence, Ham turned, as is generally allowed, towards Africa, where Egypt was afterwards called by his name, and that of his son Misraim. Shem remained in the western parts of Asia, and spread

from thence over Europe. This opinion is founded on the very strong traces of the Persian language which yet remain in the Celtic and all European tongues, not excepting Greek and Latin; though the modern Persian, with which I compare them, is itself derived from the Pehlevi, the ancient language of Persia, which probably had a much greater affinity with the Celtic. Noah says, in the 9th chapter of Genesis, 'May God extend Japhet, and may he inherit the tents of Shem.' In the 10th chapter it is said that the islands were peopled by the descendants of Japhet. From these circumstances I conclude that the family of Japhet went eastward from Babel, till, coming to the sea, some went over it to the islands within sight, which form the Eastern Archipelago; and others followed the coast northwards, till they came to some point from whence they could see America. Thither some of them went; while others spread themselves westward, and these people I take to be the barbarians of the north, who afterwards overran all Europe, and who were the same as the wandering Tartars, their brethren, now are. Thus the prophecy is fulfilled, for Japhet is indeed extended, and at this day

inhabits the tents of Shem all over Europe. This theory seems to me to derive great force from the similarity of manners between the wandering tribes of the north, the Tartars, and the Americans; for though some nations of America, from a long residence in one place, have acquired a degree of civilization, yet there is always a tradition of their having been in a wild state. It is reasonable to suppose, the descendants of Japhet, in constantly travelling about, would lose all the knowledge they had gained from Noah, except such as was absolutely necessary for their subsistence. We find the descendants of Shem alone, who remained nearly stationary, and the Egyptians and Chinese who settled soon after they left Babel, had leisure to cultivate the sciences before the elements of them were lost. From my ignorance of the Chinese language, I am at a loss to determine whether the inhabitants of China are descended from Shem or Japhet; the position of the country would incline one to believe the latter, though their manners, so unlike their Tartar neighbours, seem to contradict it; yet this objection may be done away, by supposing them to settle immediately after the dispersion, which appears probable from their

reckoning the cycle of sixty years from a period so remote as 2277 B.C. which answers exactly to the building of Babel. Their language consists entirely of monosyllables, which, with their known dislike of innovation in every thing, inclines me to think that it may perhaps differ less than any other from the original language, or at least from that of Noah."

"We laugh at Erostratus for setting fire to the temple of Diana at Ephesus, that his name might be remembered; but however ridiculous and foolish his ambition might be, it was the same which has always influenced and annoyed mankind. Even so early as an hundred years after the deluge, we have a great instance of it recorded, in all men's joining in building the tower of Babel, 'to make themselves a name.' Since that time, to what end has Alexander, and all the other conquerors of antiquity, waded through blood, if not to be talked of, and that their names might be remembered? Even amongst those we call barbarians, the warrior rushes headlong into danger, that the song of the bard may rise in his praise, and his deeds of valour be remembered. Nor is the mischief of this passion confined to bloodshed. Men will overturn

all the principles of the world, and publish the most extravagant doctrines, merely to be talked of. It is surely impossible that Hume could believe his own system; he was only voracious of literary fame. The same might be said of Voltaire and his associates. It was the vanity of advancing something new, and making a revolution in the opinions of men, which prompted them in their writings. The passion was given to excite us to good deeds; but when men have no disposition to distinguish themselves by what is *good*, they fix on some splendid *evil*, which will be the most universally felt, and consequently the most talked of. To this cause must in a great measure be attributed the variety of opinions which exist in the world on every subject, some of them so very absurd, that it is impossible to suppose their authors could believe in them. Perhaps he thinks himself the cleverest man, who can persuade the world to believe the most improbable fiction."

What I have here transcribed, and much that is irrecoverably lost; the acquisitions in science which I have endeavoured to trace out, as well as

the virtues, to which I should in vain endeavour to do justice, were comprised in the short period of a life not yet extended beyond the twenty-first year, and many of those years were spent without a home, and without a library, and under the pressure of afflictions, which, however nobly supported, " taught even youth and innocence to mourn." Such was the life, which, when compared with the standard of perfection at which she aimed, appeared in her own eyes to call for the reflections that conclude the little book I have just transcribed, and which are dated January 1, 1798.

" Being now arrived at what is called years of discretion, and looking back on my past life with shame and confusion, when I recollect the many advantages I have had, and the bad use I have made of them, the hours I have squandered, and the opportunities of improvement I have neglected;—when I imagine what with those advantages I ought to be, and find myself what I am:—I am resolved to endeavour to be more careful for the future, if the future be granted me; to try to make amends for past negligence, by employing every

moment I can command to some good purpose; to endeavour to acquire all the little knowledge that human nature is capable of on earth, but to let the word of God be my chief study, and all others subservient to it; to model myself as far as I am able, according to the Gospel of Christ; to be content while my trial lasts, and when it is finished, to rejoice, trusting in the merits of my Redeemer. I have written these resolutions to stand as a witness against me, in case I should be inclined to forget them, and to return to my former indolence and thoughtlessness, because I have found the inutility of mental determinations. May God grant me strength to keep them!"*

During the winter of 1797 and 1798, which Miss Smith spent at Bath, and the following

* Of this paper Mrs. Smith says, "I firmly believe this prayer was accepted, for I do not recollect any instance in which she could justly be accused of either indolence or thoughtlessness, except on the subject of her health; on that point she trusted too much to the strength of a naturally good constitution; and had so little confidence in human skill, that she neglected such means in the commencement of her last illness, as in all probability would have removed it."

summer, when she was first at Conway, and afterwards at Plas-Hently near Oswestry, she wrote the following letters to Lady Isabella King and Miss Hunt.

" TO THE LADY ISABELLA KING.

" *Bath, Sept.* 6, 1797.

" I did promise, and thought it at the time a stretch of complaisance, to wait patiently *six* months for a letter, in case your Ladyship should be attacked by a fit of laziness; but I did not answer for my patience enduring *eight*. In truth I have been very impatient, though I have not accused you of inconstancy, and thought you had given up all acquaintance with me; as I never suspect any one whom I am once convinced loves me, of ceasing to do so, unless I give them some cause of offence. However I have no right to complain, now that your dear letter is arrived; but I wish that you would oftener give me an opportunity of thanking you for such an one.

" Your Ladyship is building castles. You set my curiosity at work, and do not gratify it. Is

one of them a journey to Bath next winter? Do let it be soon, for we are building castles too, and shall be flown in the spring. We are going, to my great satisfaction, to settle somewhere in a cheap and romantic country. My father says Ireland; but my Mother is terribly afraid of throat-cutting, and talks of Wales, Scotland, or the Lakes in Cumberland; and seems most inclined to the neighbourhood of Derwentwater, which in point of scenery is the finest thing I know, and if my Father could come to us when he liked it, I should be perfectly content. The plan of our house is made, and our different employments allotted to each of us. KITTY is to work in the garden under my Mother's inspection; JULIET is to feed the poultry; and I am to manage the dairy; so you see our castle is in great forwardness, if a puff of wind does not blow it away. Now you *must* give me some hopes of seeing you this winter, for we shall perhaps never come to Bath again, and you will not take the trouble of going to Keswick to see us.

"When will Lady OXMANTOWN come? If she does not make haste, Miss BOWDLER'S ESSAY, which we have long had ready, will be printed; for

Mrs. Bowdler at her death left to each of her friends a copy of her daughter's works, instead of a ring, and our friend is going to print a handsome edition on purpose with the additional Essay*.

"Will you have the goodness to remember us in the kindest manner to our Elphin, as well as to our Kingston friends. I want to know a great many particulars about each individual, even to Alicia†: we have never heard whether she has recovered from the effects of her fall.

"This night it will be exactly a year since I saw you last, when you came into my room and sat beside me—I cannot think *for the last time*. Do not you like making 'des bouts de l'an,' as Madame de Sevigné calls it? I am particularly fond of it. The anniversary seems to bring the former event more immediately present to the imagination than any intervening day; if that event has been happy, we enjoy it over again in the recollection; if unfortunate, there is yet a pleasing

* "Essay on the Duties and Advantages of Sickness," first printed in the 10th edition in quarto of Poems and Essays by the late Miss Bowdler, in 1798.

† Lady Isabella King's horse.

melancholy in the repetition of every circumstance of it. It is like Ossian's soft music, 'pleasing yet mournful to the soul.'—Talking of music, my Mother has bought me a Welsh harp with the money that Brunette is to sell for. I call the harp Brunette, in memory of Lady ELEANOR's kind present, and am very busy teaching myself to play upon it.

"Have you ever made any inquiries for me about the statue of Fiuhn Mac Coul, near Carrick? It appeared to us a very curious thing. I am abused here as an apostate, but I am half inclined to think that Ossian was an Irishman, and I want to know every thing that can throw light on the subject. It is said, Macpherson ordered the originals to be published after his death; if so, we shall soon be better enabled to judge. You must excuse me if I plague you too much on this subject. I am mad about Ossian;—but I am mad about several things—about a great many things; particularly about some German books, which you *must* read before I can rest. I am teaching Miss BOWDLER German, because I must have some one to enjoy them with me.

"I do not know whether you have any taste for mechanics. If you have, perhaps you will like to

have a description of a very clever thing which is now making near Bath; if not, it is easily past over. It is called a Cassoon*; the use of it is to convey boats on a canal, down a hill, without the help of locks. It is a great box, forty feet long, placed in a pit sixty feet deep, and full of water; the surface of which water is on a level with the upper canal, and the bottom of the pit is even with the lower canal. When a boat is to be carried down, the door at the top of the pit is opened, and the boat swims into the Cassoon, which is half full of water. The Cassoon door is then shut, and being made, by the addition of a small quantity of water, heavier than the water in which it swims, it sinks to the bottom; when the door at the bottom of the pit, and the door at the other end of the Cassoon, being opened, the boat goes out into the lower canal. The Cassoon rises again, as it is then lighter than the water in the pit. I do not know whether I have made this account intelligible, but it is very curious to see, and if you will

* This ingenious contrivance failed of success, from the difficulty of securing the masonry of the pit against the unequal pressure of the water.

come and look at it, you shall understand it in a minute! The inventor was a carpenter.

"Now you must not, my dearest Lady ISABELLA, abuse me for sending you a stupid letter. You bid me 'write *soon*, if I loved you.' I did not consider whether I had any thing to say, but obeyed, and I leave you to draw the inference."

"*Bath, Nov.* 18, 1797.

"MOST sincerely do I sympathise with you, my dearest Lady ISABELLA, in every event which concerns you, but particularly in what regards the excellent Lord KINGSTON, for whom I feel so much interested on his own account, as well as on yours. O that I could indeed do you any good! that I could sooth your sorrows, and assist you in all your tender attentions to ease the bed of sickness; or if it must be so, help you to bear the pain of parting, supported by the hope of meeting again! But at this distance I can offer you nothing but words, and they are poor comfort; you can find enough of them every where, though you will not every where find a heart so tenderly interested in your happiness as mine.—I entreat you to let me know how you go on. If the disorder should be so

far removed that you could come to Bath, I must indulge a hope, though you have forbidden me."

"*Bath, Jan.* 17, 1798.

"LONG since should I have written to my beloved Lady ISABELLA, had I not feared that my letters would be ill-timed, in the midst of many sorrows, which though I sincerely sympathised, I could not alleviate, and therefore was cautious not to disturb; but no sooner do you kindly say that you will read my letters, than I hasten to renew an intercourse which gives me infinite pleasure, whenever it is my turn to receive a letter. The writing one I should consider as a task, if there was not a pleasure in indulging the idea of you, which makes even that agreeable. I felt almost as if I had lost my own Father, when I heard of the excellent Lord KINGSTON's death.———————————— There is nothing I am more thoroughly convinced of, than that every thing which happens is for some good purpose. We do not perhaps at the time see any possible good that can result from any particular event, but we often see it afterwards, and if we do not live to see it, others do. This opinion makes me perfectly easy, while I see every body

frightened to death at the idea of an invasion. I am persuaded that if it be for the benefit of mankind that the French should conquer England, and cut my throat amongst the rest, they will be permitted to do so; if not, they will not.———

"Will you tell me any place in Dublin to which we might send the little Manuscript, which has been ready this twelvemonth? My Mother will write soon. She sends kindest love to your Ladyship, and begs to be respectfully and affectionately remembered to Lady ELEANOR, in which I beg to join; and then will trouble you no longer than to assure you of my everlasting regard and affection."

"*Bath, March 8th*, 1798.

"I have but one quarrel with you, my dearest Lady ISABELLA; nay not a quarrel, that is too harsh a word. I have but one fault to find with you, and it is this. You lay by your pen from week to week, in hopes of having something to say; now it is not *that* I want. I want to know what you are doing, thinking, and feeling, because that interests me. If I want to laugh, I can look into a book of witticisms; and into a book of proverbs, if I

have an inclination for wise sayings; but in a letter from you I wish to find whatever comes first into your head to write, as that will probably be what interests *you*, and of course *me*. You will say this is only an apology for the letter I am going to write, but finding a convenient opportunity for writing I would not delay it, because if I waited for that opportunity and a bright moment to meet, I should never write at all; therefore you must take me in all my dulness, if you wish to be troubled with my letters.

" I feel excessively proud of the office you have bestowed on me, and I will begin to exercise it.—Have you read the Pursuits of Literature? It is a satirical poem. I dislike satire in general, but this appears to me one of the cleverest books I ever met with, and indeed this is the general opinion respecting it. I should not have given mine so decidedly, had you not particularly desired it. This book cannot be read less than twice; once with the notes, and the second time remembering the notes, but not reading them.—I have read Robison on the Illuminati. It is said by people well informed on the subject to be a true representation. There is another book which goes much deeper

into the subject, by Barruel. I have not read it, because I thought the other contained quite horrors enough. We have loads of political pamphlets; which I never read, any more than newspapers; because I am sure to have the cream of them without the trouble of skimming it; but one I must recommend to you as being excellent in its way. It is written by the eldest brother of your favourite Miss BOWDLER*. The title is 'Reform or Ruin.' I believe it is now printed in Ireland.—The little Essay shall be sent by the first conveyance. Perhaps that may be ourselves.——

"Pray present my most affectionate respects to Lady ELEANOR. How does her weak health bear all she has had to go through? Do not expect me to obey when you bid me forget the contents of your last letter, for indeed I do not intend to forget a word of it, though probably least of all that which you allow me to remember. Now pray, my dear Lady ISABELLA, write to me soon,—*very* soon; and let it not be a bright letter, but a stupid one, the

* The Author of "Poems and Essays," published after her death. None of her family had at that time the honour of being personally known to Lady ISABELLA KING.

most stupid *you* can write, and you see I have sent you a foil which will make any thing you write appear bright as the sun. My poor brains have nothing to put in it but the sincerest affection of your &c."

"TO MISS HUNT.

"*Conway, May* 26.

"EVERY day since I came here I have been wishing to write to you, but because you were so considerate as to bid me not do it till we were settled, the time has been ungratefully put off. Yet you have not been absent from my thoughts; —no, if I had thought less about all in your corner of the world, I might perhaps sooner have felt disposed to write. However we are all very well and very comfortable now, remembering our friends only as we ought, and as I trust we always shall. I wish I were sure that you were equally comfortable, but knowing your contented disposition, I am inclined to think you are. I think I am content; and yet to be sure I should like to have you here, and explore with you all the dark

winding passages and broken staircases of this beautiful Castle. There is one of the towers that would make the nicest dwelling in the world. I am sure you would wish to inhabit it. It stands on a rock overhanging the river, which is more properly an arm of the sea, and commands the finest view imaginable. It consists of three circular rooms one over the other; in the second of which there is a semicircular niche with a beautiful roof of groined arches, supported by pillars, with a seat all round, capable of containing five or six people, and three windows looking on the river and its beautiful banks. To all this fairy Castle there is nothing wanting but the possibility of getting at it, for the timbers are entirely gone, and I pine in vain to get into the little niche. It certainly would be very *snug*, filled exactly as one would wish; but any place would do, so filled, therefore let us be content at the foot of the tower.

"I am glad our dear Miss BOWDLER is so happy at *her* tower. We have so quick communication with her, that it scarcely seems as if we were separated. Perhaps we are preparing by degrees for a more lasting separation from all our friends; but our fate is still uncertain. We must make the

best of the present, and let the future shift for itself. I never felt such hot weather in May as we have here; but the air is uncommonly soft as well as clear; and in the evenings we take delightful walks, and find great use for our sketch-books. There is another circumstance that would please you; we meet with a great variety of beautiful plants, particularly the little burnet-rose grows in tufts on the mountains, in the marshes, and almost every where. We find here, indeed, every thing we wish for, except a few old friends. Our books are not arrived, but that is no misfortune, for I never find time to read. You will wonder what we do, and really I cannot very well tell, except rambling about to take views, and finishing them a little when we return home. I did flatter myself that here I should find time for every thing, but either I am a very bad contriver, or time does not stand still on any spot of the earth. If any one can catch him, I think it must be *you*, and I am certain you will make the best use of his company."

"*Conway, July* 10, 1798.

"We are grown such vagrants, that it is not without many fruitless efforts that I sit down to

write, even to you. I believe you will not doubt that my inclination makes that a lighter task than if I were addressing myself to any one else; but I am afraid if we stay much longer amongst these delightful scenes, I shall grow completely and irrecoverably idle. It is not so with you, I dare say; you are studying hard, and enjoying peace, quietness, and leisure, in your comfortable little retreat. I believe I should envy you, if I were not where I am. I often recollect how we all *groaned* together at Bath, at the idea of the unpleasant summer we expected to pass in our different lots; and comparing that idea with the happiness we actually enjoy, (of which from our want of confidence we were so particularly undeserving,) I determine never again to be *anxious* about any thing; persuaded that all events are much better disposed than if *I* had the management of them. You will think I am beginning to philosophize, because there is nothing at present to disturb me; but indeed I expect a very great misfortune. I will not think of it beforehand, nor complain if it happen: this is all my philosophy can do.

" And now you must mount your old friend Pegasus, and go with me to the top of Snowdon,

to adore the rising sun. If you think your steed will not be tired, you may as well meet me at Caernarvon at five o'clock in the evening of the seventh of last month. You know, present, past, and future, are all one to your *nine friends*. Meet me then at Caernarvon, go with me into the Castle, ramble with me through dark passages without end or number, many more than I had time to go into, for they are galleries, leading all round the walls, and round every tower, lighted only by small slits, in a wall twelve feet thick, for shooting arrows; so that many hundred soldiers might be employed in defending this Castle, and be visible neither without nor within. Ascend with me the Eagle Tower, and count if you can the number of steps, for indeed I forgot to reckon, and having no book of travels from which to extract a journal, I cannot tell you. Hear Mr. C—, the barber, our *cicerone*, very learnedly refute the opinion of Mr. Pennant, that Edward II. was born in a little dark shabby room in the tower, and establish his own,—that that event certainly took place in the large circular room on the first floor; acknowledging at the same time that the nurse might possibly retire occasionally with the child into Mr. Pennant's

room. Come on into another little room, and if you choose to be remembered amongst fools, write your name upon the planks which still remain. Hear a long account from Mr. C—, of a boy being let down to the bottom of one of the towers, where there is water, to fetch up a dog that had been thrown there, and discovering an iron gate, through which he saw a subterraneous passage never yet explored; and hurry away from the Castle, wishing to spend days and weeks in examining it.

"*July* 12.—I find myself so idle, and my travels so much more tedious in the recital than in the performance, that if I go on giving you a particular account I shall never finish. I will therefore tell you the rest of our adventures as briefly as possible. Quitting the Castle, we took a most delightful walk beside the river on which it stands, to observe the outside of the building, which, as beauty is but comparative, I being of the sect of the Conwayites, do not admire. We returned to the Inn;—I suppose you are aware that *we* means my Mother, Mrs. George Smith, and I, who set out together from Conway at nine the same morning;—well; we returned to the Inn, and ate an

enormous supper. You know travellers always tell you how much they eat, but I in compassion will spare you the description of every dish, and how much was paid for it, because I have forgotten both; however this supper is not mentioned in vain, for indeed it was not eaten in vain. As soon as we had accomplished it, we set off (about eleven at night) for the foot of Snowdon, and travelled eight miles through a fine mountainous country by moon-light. Before one we arrived at a little hut where the guide lives, and after having him called up, and loaded with a basket of bread and milk, and a tin box for specimens, we began our march at a quarter past one. The clouds were gathering over the mountains, and threatening us with either darkness or rain. We however escaped both, and were only amused with every variety they could give the landscape, by hiding or half obscuring the moon, and by blotting out, now one mountain, and now another, from our view; till about two o'clock, when the dawn began to appear, they covered the moon, and we saw her no more. We proceeded by a very easy ascent over boggy ground till half past two, when coming suddenly to the top of the first range of hills, and meeting with a

violent wind which blew from the quarter where the sun was to rise, (for we ascended the mountain on the south-west side,) Mrs. G. Smith was frightened, and seeing a very steep ascent before her, said she would sit down and wait for our return. My Mother said she would stay with her, and I proposed our all going back together; but my Mother very kindly insisted on my proceeding. We therefore divided provisions, the ladies returned to the hut from which we had set out, and I went on with the guide, who could not speak a word of English. We steered our course more towards the south, and toiled up several mountains, in some parts covered with loose stones, which had fallen from the broken summits, but in general overgrown with the different sorts of moss, and a kind of short grass, mixed with immense quantities of the *Gallium pusillum*. I picked up a few other plants, but on the whole was disappointed in the botanical way, as I found very little that I had not before met with on the mountains in this neighbourhood; however, this is not the time of the year for mountain curiosities. I went on as fast as I could without stopping, except now and then for a moment to look down on the mountains under my feet, as

clouds passed over them, thinking each summit I saw before me was the last, and unable to gain any information from the guide to satisfy my impatience: for I wished to be at the top before sun-rise, and pink clouds began to appear over the steep I was climbing. I also knew that the Ladies would be very impatient for my return, nor was I without anxiety on their account, as I was not sure that they would find their way back to the hut. These ideas occupied my mind all the way up, and if that deceitful but comforting lady—*Hope*, had not continually presented to me the range of hills I was ascending as the last step in ambition's ladder, I am not sure that, with all my eagerness to get to the top, I should not have turned back. I was debating this point very earnestly with myself, in ascending an almost perpendicular green slope, when on a sudden I saw at my feet an immense chasm, all in darkness, and of a depth I cannot guess, certainly not less than an hundred feet; I should suppose much more. It answers in some respects to the idea I have formed of the crater of a volcano, but evidently is not that, as there is no mark of fire, the rock being composed, as it is in general throughout this country, of a sort of slate,

Nor does the mountain appear to have been thrown down, but the pit to have sunk in; which must probably have been occasioned by subterranean waters, as there is water at the bottom of the pit, and the mountain is full of springs. You think you are now at the top, but you are mistaken. I am standing indeed at the top of the abyss, but with a high rocky peak rising on each side of me, and descending very near perpendicularly into the lake at the bottom. I have taken a rough sketch of one of these peaks, with the lake in the deepest shadow; I am turning over my paper, (which the wind renders very difficult,) in order to draw another;—I look up, and see the upper part illuminated by a beautiful rose-coloured light, while the opposite part still casts a dark shade over its base, and conceals the sun itself from my view. If I were ready to jump into the pit with delight at first seeing it, my ecstasy was now still greater. The guide seemed quite delighted to see me so much pleased, and took care in descending to lead me to the edge of every precipice, which he had not done in going up. I however presently recollected that I was in a great hurry to get back, and set off along the brink of the cavity for the highest

peak, where I arrived at a quarter past four, and saw a view of which it is impossible to form an idea from description. For many miles around it was composed of tops of mountains, of all the various forms that can be imagined; some appeared swimming in an ocean of vapour; on others the clouds lay like a cap of snow, appearing as soft as down. They were all far below Snowdon, and I was enjoying the finest blue sky, and the purest air I ever breathed. The whole prospect was bounded by the sea, except to the east and south-east, and the greatest part of the land in those points was blotted out by clouds. The sun, however, rose so far towards the north-east as to be still hanging over the sea. I took a sketch of a small part of the mountains, with some of the little lakes which appear at their feet; sat down, for the first time, on a circle of stones which is built on the top of the hill, and made great havock in the bread and milk, in which accomplishment the guide equalled, if not surpassed me; and at half-past four, almost frozen, I began to descend. My anxiety about my friends increased as I came near the spot where I had left them; I made all possible haste, and found them safe in the hut at ten minutes past six.

It certainly would have been pleasanter to have had more time, and some one to enjoy the expedition with me, but I am delighted that I have been, and would not for any thing give up the recollection of the sublime scene. We got into the carriage immediately, and went four miles further to breakfast at a little village, from whence we walked to the Devil's-Bridge, which is fine almost beyond imagination: returned to Caernarvon to dinner, walked about there in the evening, and went to bed after *thirty-nine hours* of almost constant exercise. After this I think you will not take the trouble to inquire after my health; it must be tolerably good. I intended writing a very short letter, but recollecting you would perhaps like some news from Snowdon, I have been led on till I fear your patience is exhausted, though I have suppressed at least half of what I wish to say."

"TO THE LADY ISABELLA KING.

"*Plas-Hently, Sept.* 19, 1798.

"MOST sadly has your picture of happiness been reversed, my dear Lady ISABELLA. I could not

bear to answer so pleasant a letter with lamentations, but I hope that your tranquillity is now restored, and that you are as happy as I wish you, which certainly is as much as you can wish for yourself. We have been particularly interested in the late invasion, because the scene of action has been all *our own country*, about Boyle and Sligo. I hope no harm has happened to it, or any of its inhabitants. We reckoned that the French must pass close by Nympsfield, and feared they would choose to pay a visit to Mrs. O'Hara. Pray tell me all you know about it, when you write.

" I conclude you have seen my Father by this time. When we shall see him again, or whether we ever shall, seems now so uncertain, that I should be very unhappy, if I had not left off grieving for any thing. This is a very ugly place, and a sad change from Conway, where we were very happy. We are but eight miles from Llangollen, where Mrs. H. Bowdler now is, as well as the amiable Ladies of the Vale, but we might as well be an hundred miles off, for we never see them.

" I am very glad you like the new edition of Miss Bowdler's Essays. The writer was dead before I knew the family; but those who have seen

her say the print is like, though I think they generally agree that it is a flattering likeness.

"What you say of dissipation is exactly what I expected from you. You have seen so little of it, that it was very natural you should enjoy it at first; but you certainly are not made for it, and I am entirely of your opinion, that *you* must seek for happiness in more rational employments, for which you are well qualified. One can allow those to spend their lives in folly, whose minds are incapable of any thing better, but such as yours *should* not be thrown away, and I am persuaded *will* not*. You will laugh at my preaching, but indeed the lack of new objects, and new subjects, has very nearly occasioned a stagnation of ideas in my mind. As your Ladyship says, I want something to interest me, and therefore I beg you to write to give a fillip to my ideas, which will otherwise be congealed into a mass of ice this winter. I am sure you can perceive symptoms of freezing in this letter, though as you cannot perceive what is not, I hope you will never find my regard and

* How far Miss Smith's ideas with regard to this lady have been realized, is well known to the grateful inhabitants of Bath.

affection for you in the least degree cooled. It is no compliment to say I should rejoice to hear from you *here*, for the getting a letter from *any body* is an event; how great then must be my joy at receiving one which would delight me any where."

Miss HUNT had sent the letter containing the description of Snowdon to our mutual friend Mrs. DE LUC; and Miss SMITH heard that it had been mentioned with approbation by an Illustrious Lady, to whom Mrs. DE LUC had read it. This circumstance will explain the next letter.

"*Shirley, March* 25, 1799.

"UNWORTHY as you are of a line from my pen, I should be very glad of a few from yours, and therefore must condescend to ask for them; trusting to the insipidity of all I have to say, that my letter will not be put in the trumpet of Fame, and blown to the four quarters of the world; for ill as you use your friends, I believe you have still sufficient regard for a certain MARY HUNT, not to publish that she is the most treacherous of human beings, and that she as much deserves to be taken up for

treason, as any of his Majesty's disloyal subjects. Now having vented my anger, I have nothing more to say, but that I should be very glad to hear from you.

" I have got—I will not tell you what; a little, a very little book* always in my pocket. Mr. Claxton has given it me. It is two books bound in one, and contains a vast deal of wisdom; but you are a *blab*, and shall know no more.

" To our dear Miss Bowdler I have not written for a long time, because conscience stood in the way; nor to some others, because idleness and cold weather prevented me. Bedford is here for the holidays. He is very much improved, and a very fine boy. Give my love to all my friends; send me a particular account of Mrs. F. Bateman, as well as of your own invalids, and then I will pardon and obliterate all your past offences.

" If you want to consult the Syriac translation of the New Testament upon any particular passage, let me know. Mr. Claxton has a very fine one, printed in Hebrew characters, and the language is so very like the Hebrew, and where it differs from that, so like the Arabic, that I can read it very well."

* Sententiæ Rabbinorum.

" *May* 7, 1799.

" I SUPPOSE you conclude that I *am* 'afraid of being tired with your answers;' but philosophers sometimes draw false conclusions, and this is one of them. I cannot enter into all the reasons for not writing sooner. It is enough that here I am,—while Mercury is vainly trying to get the better of Apollo,—here I am writing to you, instead of watching their conflict. It is true I have no very great merit in my forbearance, because I cannot see through the veil with which they have chosen to conceal themselves; therefore be not too vain in fancying I prefer your company to theirs. I imagine you are at this moment visiting your neighbour Dr. Herschell, and I desire you will communicate to me in this nether world all the information you collect in your nocturnal, as well as diurnal, peregrinations to the heavens. I shall envy,—no, I will not say envy you, but I should like to go with you, as I should have liked to have had you with me in some of my late amusements, such as seeing the British Museum, pictures and statues without end, and some very curious pieces of mechanism.

" I have just received an invitation to go and look at the Gods through a good telescope.—All in vain ! I fancy we have been *humbugged.* I have seen the sun as flat as a trencher, but not a bit of Mercury. Do tell me, if it ought to be seen to-day; and if it ought, what is the matter with our eyes.

" In town, I have been reading two volumes of Sully's Memoirs, with which I am delighted, and which I mean to finish the next time I can meet with it. Since I came back, I have been reading Cicero's letters to Atticus: I cannot say that I understand every part of them, on account of many allusions to circumstances of the times, but with many parts I am much pleased."

In the summer of the year 1799, Mrs. SMITH and all her family removed to Ireland, where Captain SMITH's regiment was still quartered. During their residence in that hospitable country, they received much kind attention, which they always mention with the warmest expressions of gratitude. The following elegant poem, which was addressed to Mrs. SMITH when the family left Ballitore in 1800, to reside at Patterdale, will

shew the impression their characters and conduct had made on the amiable and ingenious writer.

Soft o'er the vale of Ballitore
The gale of peace was wont to blow;
Till Discord rais'd her direful horn,
And fill'd the shades with sounds of woe.

The blood-stain'd earth, the warlike bands,
Our trembling natives saw with dread;
Dejected Labour left her toil,
And summer's blithe enjoyments fled.

But see, th' avenging sword is sheath'd,
And Mercy's voice is heard at last,—
How sweet, beside the winter's fire,
To ponder on the perils past!

Ah! think not yet your trial's o'er;
From yonder mountain's hollow side
The fierce banditti issue forth,
When darkness spreads her curtain wide.

With murd'rous arms and haggard eyes,
The social joys away they fright;
Sad expectation clouds the day,
And sleep forsakes the fearful night.

Now martial troops protect the vale,
At distance prowl the ruffian band.—
Oh, Confidence! thou dearer guard,
Why hast thou left this luckless land?

We droop and mourn o'er many a joy,
O'er many a friend to dust consign'd;—
But ev'ry comfort is not fled,—
Behold another friend we find.

Lo, JULIET comes to grace the plain,
And friendship claims the precious prize;
She grants the claim, nor does her heart
The children of the vale despise.

Though polish'd life, with every charm,
To her its brilliant scenes display'd;
Though form'd to ornament a court,
She deigns to dignify the shade.

But shades more worthy of the guest
From us this precious prize require;
Guiltless of blood, with quiet blest,
Where truth's own bard attunes his lyre *.

Where CLARKSON for the helpless pleads,
Where nature's charms majestic rise;
And broad Ulswater's beauteous lake
Gives back the mountains, woods, and skies.

* Thomas Wilkinson.

There, JULIET, may thy lovely maids,
Their pencils' wondrous art employ;
While each acquirement gives the pow'r
To increase their tender parents' joy.

Unknown to dissipated minds
The joys their gentle bosoms know;
'Tis theirs to turn the classic page,
'Tis theirs to melt at others' woe.

And there, releas'd from war's alarms,
May thy lov'd lord delighted rove;
And lay the radiant scarf aside,
Dear pledge of JULIET's anxious love!

Like the bright dames of ancient days,
She fram'd the web of crimson stain,
To grace her hero's form, or bear
Her hero wounded from the plain.

And still dispensing kindness round,
The happy household shall unite;
While from amid surrounding bow'rs
Their virtues beam with native light.

And in their joys *we* still shall joy,
While Fancy views their dear retreat;
Though JULIET's eye, and JULIET's smile,
No more our gladden'd sight shall meet.

What though the tender tear shall start,
And soft regret the sigh shall send:
Yet shall our conscious hearts exult
In the rich gift of such a friend!*

I will here insert some productions of which I cannot exactly ascertain the date, but which were certainly written before the removal to Ireland. The imitation of Ossian was probably written at a much earlier period; as Miss SMITH's partiality for the Highland Bard was not quite so great after she became acquainted with the learned languages, as it had been in her childhood; though she never believed that the work was entirely modern, and was very desirous to read the Poems published by Dr. SMITH in the original language, but the want of a grammar prevented her making much progress. When she was in Ireland, she endeavoured to collect traditional accounts of the Heroes of Morven and Erin, and always mentioned with

* The author of these lines, a Quaker, is now publishing by subscription, "Poems, by Mary Leadbeater, (late Shackleton,) of Ballitore, including a translation of Maffœus's 13th Æneid."

pleasure any circumstances which appeared to prove the antiquity of the poems*.

Imitation of Ossian.

"IT is the voice of woe," I cried, as our bark was tossing on the foaming wave; "it is the voice of woe, O Finan; I hear it at times in the blast; it shrieks from yonder rock. Now the storm is somewhat abated, let us take our oars, and try to reach the shore. Perhaps there is some one, more wretched than we, to whom we may bring comfort; and will not that be comfort to ourselves, son of Derog?" "We can bring no comfort there, O Luno," answered Finan, "'tis the land of departed spirits. I see the dim forms of our fathers, sailing in their grey robes of mist across the mountains. They beckon us to approach, they shriek our welcome, for full well they know the ocean soon will bear us to that land of darkness; we shall never more behold our lov'd, our lonely Kilda. Our wives look out from the rocks, the fair Malvina, and the raven-hair'd Edilda; they think they see a

* See her letters to Lady ISABELLA KING.

distant sail, joy sparkles in their eyes; it was but a passing cloud. They look silent and mournful on each other, they slowly return to their children. O Luno, let us not rashly urge our fate; it is rapture to think yet a moment on Kilda." "Does Finan fear to die?" I said; "Finan the bravest among heroes; he who was first to climb the rock, and seek the sea-fowl's nest; he who was foremost in the fight; does he weep and tremble, when summoned to the hall of his fathers? When the valiant Derog advances to welcome his champion, shall he meet the grovelling soul of a little man?" Finan spoke not, he raised his oar; I took up mine, we rowed till we reached the shore. The voice of mourning had ceased: there was no sound from the cave of the rock. We wandered on the beach to seek the habitations of men. In the cave of the rock sate a woman, beautiful as the dawn of the morning to the benighted traveller, but her form was wasted with sorrow; she was like the young rose of the mountain which the deer has torn up by the roots; it is still lovely, but its strength has failed. Her head was leaning on her hand, she saw not our approach. On her knees lay a young child, at her feet a youth like the sons

of heroes. We gazed a moment in silence; at length I spake. "Daughter of sorrow, tell thy grief; we too have known misfortune, and learnt to pity the distressed." She raised her head, she gazed with wild surprise. "Sons of the Ocean," she replied, "I have no sorrow *now*. My child is dead, and I shall follow him. Ere the dark dews of evening fall, I shall meet thee, my child, in the airy hall of my fathers." Her head sunk again on her hand in silence. "Yet tell us, lovely mourner," I said, "tell us, what land is this? for we come from far, tossed by the tempest from the lonely Kilda." "Strangers," she replied, "have ye never heard of Rona? Rona, whose fame spread wide as the light of day. Her sons were generous and brave, her fields were fruitful in corn, her hills were covered with sheep. Then was the stranger welcome to the feast. Five families dwelt on our plains; their chief was my father, the valiant Cormac, whose presence was like sunshine to his guests. Oft have I heard the voice of joy resound in his hall, and seen the beam of gratitude in the eye of the shipwrecked mariner. But now famine has wasted our island, and there is nothing left to give the weary traveller." "Surely,"

I cried, " the hand of the liberal should ever be filled with plenty, happiness should dwell in his habitation, and his children should never taste of sorrow. Or if the tear hang on their cheek for a moment, the hand of pity should be near to wipe it away, and to restore the smile of gladness. Then why is the daughter of Cormac left desolate? Why does the child of the generous suffer want?" " Because she chose riches rather than virtue," replied the lovely mourner; " yet has she not been unpitied; but that pity, like yon coloured bow which makes the dark cloud seem still darker, made her folly more apparent, and tore her heart with anguish. Oh! son of other lands, I will tell thee my sad tale, though the remembrance be painful to my soul. Then wilt thou see that the daughter of Cormac has not suffered unjustly.—Two youths sought the hand of Evirallin, only daughter of the generous Cormac. Dermod was rich, for his house was well stored with corn, three cows gave him their milk, and twenty sheep grazed for him on the mountain. The store of Mordred was small, yet was he richer than Dermod, for he had a noble soul. But I chose Dermod with his flocks and herds; for I said, the wife of Dermod never can know want;

pleasure will always attend her call, she has only to wish and be satisfied. 'Twas when the eve was lengthened out almost to meet the dawn, and the sun set far to the north, that I became the spouse of Dermod. The soul of Mordred was sad.—— The crop which then looked green, was blasted ere the harvest; it gave us not three months' food. In the spring, the sea-weed failed on the coast, the cattle died of hunger. Then was Dermod equalled with the poorest. Our neighbours died around us. We divided the last scanty meal; then wandered different ways to seek for herbs and roots, or rather, not to see each other die. As I mused on the top of a rock, Mordred came up with a little cake. 'Eat,' he cried, 'Evirallin; preserve thy life and that of thy child. While yet there was corn, I was sparing; I have still enough for many days. Perhaps ere that is gone, some friendly bark may bring us aid.' The tear of gratitude was on my cheek, but I could not thank the generous Mordred. Scarce had I tasted the food, when Dermod came with haste; he tore the cake from my hand, ere I could give him half, and eagerly devoured it. Mordred, seized with rage, struck him to the ground, and he fell headlong from the rock; the

dark wave received him, and he rose no more. We both stood speechless for a moment; then Mordred rushed forward to follow him, but I seized his arm. ‘ O Mordred,’ I cried, ‘ leave me not desolate. There is none left alive but thee, and me, and this little babe. We all shall perish soon, but let me not be the last. Leave me not like the wounded sea-mew, whom her companions have abandoned, to sit complaining on the desert rock !’—The heart of Mordred was moved; he walked slow and silent away. Each day did he bring me a little cake. When I begged him to eat, he would not; he said, ‘ I have eaten before.’ This day he came before the accustomed time, he brought this little cake. ‘ Take it,’ he cried, ‘ Evirallin; it is the last. I came sooner than usual, for I felt that I could not live. I have never tasted food since the day that I killed Dermod.’ He sunk down at my feet. In vain I tried to restore him; the noble spirit fled. Then did I pour out my grief; I mourned my own hard fate, and I gave his praise to the winds. The son of the rock repeated it, there was none else to hear. But I remembered my child, which lay on the matted sea-weed. I returned—it was dead ! Then were

my cares at an end; I sat down to wait for death, which will, ere long, relieve me. Yet, stranger, ere I go, receive this little cake; 'tis all the wretched Evirallin has to give. I could not eat it; 'twere like eating the flesh of Mordred!"—She ceased; she was faint; two hours I supported her head. Finan wept over Mordred. At length I felt her hand; it was cold and lifeless. We made a grave beneath the hanging rock. We laid the fair Evirallin in the narrow house, and Mordred and the child beside her. We reared these grey stones at their heads, to mark the spot to future wanderers of the ocean. The last ray of the setting sun look'd on the new-made grave!"

I do not know when the following reflections were written, but the idea was probably suggested by the German poem quoted in a letter to Miss HUNT, dated April 7, 1794.—*See page* 39.

"REASON and Revelation, the two lights which the ALMIGHTY has given us to dispel the darkness of ignorance, and guide us to the knowledge of

truth, may be aptly compared to the two lights He has placed to dispel the darkness of the natural world, and lead us to an acquaintance with the visible objects that surround us.

" As the sun is the grand instrument by which light is dispensed to the whole earth, and so resplendent that all other lights may be accounted darkness in comparison;—so revelation is the instrument by which knowledge is communicated, and so much does it exceed all other evidence in strength, that it alone deserves the name of knowledge.

" As the moon shines with lustre borrowed from the sun, and witnesses his existence even in his absence, by reflecting a light which she could not have received but from him;—so reason shines with the reflected lustre of revelation, and witnesses its truth, even where, at first sight, it seems never to have existed, by presenting ideas which the mind of man could not have formed, and which therefore must have been originally received from revelation.

" As the sun diffuses not only light, but vivifying heat, and may properly be called the animating principle of nature;—so revelation diffuses not

merely speculative knowledge, but that which leads to everlasting life, and may be said to reanimate the soul.

" The moon gives no heat; neither will reason ever lead us to life eternal.

" The sun shines in vain for whatever is not exposed to its light and heat; and revelation has been given in vain for those who will not receive its influences.

" As the moon is not annihilated by the presence of the sun, but only lost in the superior splendour of his beams;—so reason is not contradicted by revelation, but lost in the superior blaze of evidence.

" The sun is too dazzling for our unassisted eyes to behold; and revelation is too glorious for our weak faculties fully to comprehend.

" The light of the moon is faint and dubious; and the light of reason is but an uncertain guide.

" The Scriptures plainly point to the analogy between the natural and spiritual worlds, in numberless instances; as, when the moon is called 'the faithful witness in heaven;' CHRIST is called 'the sun of righteousness,' 'the light of the world,' &c.

SONG FROM AFAR.

Translated from a German Poem by Matthison.

"When in the last faint light of ev'ning
A smiling form glides softly by,
A gentle sigh its bosom heaving,
Whilst thou in oaken grove dost lie;
It is the spirit of thy friend,
Which whispers—'All thy cares shall end.'

"When in the mild moon's peaceful twilight
Foreboding thoughts and dreams arise,
And at the solemn hour of midnight
Paint fairy scenes before thine eyes;
The poplars give a rustling sound,
It is my spirit hovers round.

"When, deep in fields of ancient story,
Thou hang'st enraptur'd o'er the page
That gives and takes the meed of glory,
Feel'st thou a breath that fans thy rage?
And does the trembling torch burn pale?—
My spirit drinks with thine the tale.

"Hear'st thou, when silver stars are shining,
A sound as Eol's harp divine,
Now the wild wind full chords combining,
Now softly murm'ring—'Ever thine!'
Then careless sleep—to guard thy peace,
My watchful spirit ne'er shall cease."

Observations in North-Wales, probably written at Conway.

" SNOWDON, Penman-Mawr, and indeed all the mountains I have examined in Caernarvonshire, are composed of schistus, the laminæ of which, where they are found in a state of rest, appear generally to rise towards the south-west. In some of the rocks these laminæ are intersected at right angles by veins of gypsum. The mountains are perishing fast, owing to the position of the strata. In winter the rain lodges in the intersections of the stone, and by its expansive force in freezing blows off immense masses; so that the surface of many of the mountains, particularly of Penman-Mawr, is nothing but a confused heap of loose stones of all possible dimensions. The peaks have disappeared, and are only to be traced by rocks lying confusedly on the tops of mountains, where they evidently must formerly have stood erect. Grand as this country is, it is but the ruin of its former grandeur. I find no marine productions amongst these mountains, and indeed their rough and shaggy forms place them in the rank of primary mountains.

Neither have I found any traces of volcanos. What at first sight might appear most like one, is the immense pit at the top of Snowdon; but the stones are untouched by fire, and the cavity seems to have been occasioned by water in the heart of the mountain undermining its centre; while the peaks, more perfect than any I have seen, though covered with ruins, stand round staring at each other, and at the lake newly formed at their feet, as if they wondered at being exposed to the prying eye of day. Vegetation does not cease at the top of Snowdon: several sorts of moss and lichen, a kind of short grass, the *gallium pusillum*, and a little thyme, grow even to the summit.

"It is a custom in this country that all those who attend at a funeral give money to the clergyman, proportionate to their rank and fortune, and that of the deceased.

"On Whit-Monday, all the country people must be up at three or four o'clock in the morning to keep holiday, on pain of being pulled out of bed and put in the stocks by their companions.

"On Christmas-day, prayers are read in the churches at four in the morning, and six in the evening. The church is very handsomely illumi-

nated; and the people eat gingerbread, drink, and behave very riotously, even during the service.

"What is the meaning of these customs?"

In her letters to Dr. RANDOLPH*, Mrs. SMITH alludes to some reflections on the applause of the world, which were probably written at an earlier period of Miss SMITH's life.

"I have known some very good people maintain in theory, and almost all in practice, that we ought to endeavour to gain the good opinion of others. It strikes me so far otherwise, that I should think it wrong to stir my finger on *purpose* to gain the good opinion of the whole world. Not that I despise it; I consider the esteem of the wise and good as a treasure which I should be glad to obtain; but to obtain by being really worthy of it, not by any little fraudulent arts exercised on purpose to catch it. To be better thought of than I deserve, is always a reproach; but the consciousness of having gained that high opinion by appearing in any respect better than I really am, would be to

* See Appendix. Letter II.

me as insupportable as that of having forged a bank-note. In either case I should have made something pass for more than it was worth; I should expect the fraud to be some time or other discovered; and if not, I could not enjoy what I had no right to possess. Perhaps there is nothing more difficult to guard against than the desire of being admired, but I am convinced that it ought never to be the *motive* for the most trifling action. We should do right, because it is the will of GOD; if the good opinion of others follow our good conduct, we should receive it thankfully, as a valuable part of our reward; if not, we should be content without it."

These sentiments are certainly highly characteristic of the writer, for no human being, as Mrs. SMITH observes, ever seemed to seek the applause of the world so little as she did. "The approbation of GOD and her own conscience were the only rewards she ever sought." Let me, however, guard against her meaning being misunderstood, by observing, that wishing to gain the applause of others is very different from wishing to please them. In the one case we act from selfish motives, in the other they may be purely benevolent. To give

pleasure to others by expressions of kindness and affection, as well as to set them a good example, forms a part of that law of kindness which is the distinguishing feature of the Christian religion; but our *motive* for every action should be duty to God, and the desire of pleasing Him; the applause of our fellow-creatures may be the consequence of our conduct, and when it is so, it may be received with gratitude and pleasure; but our conduct should be precisely the same in every instance, whether *this* reward is likely to be obtained by it or not. The Christian should act on higher motives, and "through evil report and good report," he should always strive to please God.

At Ballitore, where the family spent nine months, Miss Smith had access to a very curious collection of books, chiefly Greek and Latin; and I wish to give some idea of the use she made of them. A bundle of papers found since her death is thus entitled: "Fasciculus Plantarum rariorum. Discerptæ apud Ballitore, vere 1800, aliæ ob pulchritudinem, aliæ ob odorem, aliæ ob curiositatem *."

* "A Collection of curious Plants. Gathered at Ballitore in 1800, some for their beauty, some for their sweetness, some for their rarity."—Some errors in this

In each paper is the name of the author, and some extracts in the original languages; some short, but others of considerable length. I am informed that many of the Greek extracts are taken from a volume containing fragments of the minor poets. Others are much longer quotations, from Epictetus, Hesiod, and the Sybilline Oracles. The Latin authors are,—Ciceronis specimen; Terentius distillatus; Grotius de Veritate; Baconis Sermones Fideles; and Bacon de Augmentis Scientiarum. In English, there is Josephus, on which are notes which refer to the whole of his works, both the Antiquities and the Wars of the Jews, and it is evident that Miss SMITH had studied them with attention. As a proof of the indefatigable application with which she pursued her studies, I will take this opportunity of mentioning some of the papers found after her death:

Latin sentence as printed in the first edition of this work having been noticed (though with much candour and liberality) in the Eclectic Review, the Editor thinks it necessary to say that the words were originally written exactly as they are *now* printed. They were written in a small hand, and with a very bad pen, and an ignorant transcriber did not observe the diphthongs.

A complete Analysis of Homer's Odyssey.
Extracts from Quintus Curtius.
Extracts from Maurice's History of Indostan.
Extracts from Bruce's Travels.
Thirteen folio pages closely written, containing near a thousand words, written in Hebrew, Arabic, and Persic, to shew the resemblance between those languages.
A great number of Greek words, with their signification.
A collection of Welsh words.
A collection of words from Africa,—Mandingo, Foulah, Zangay, &c.
Explanation of many of the proper names in Scripture.
A collection of words from the Chinese.
Explanation of the names of many stars, with their titles in Arabic: and other papers in that language.
Extracts from Bartholinus, in the Icelandish language.
An abstract of the contents of the Edda, &c. &c.

To account for the trouble which Miss SMITH took in collecting so many words in different languages, and making so many extracts from books, it must be recollected that she was often without a home, and deprived of the assistance of dictionaries; and that the books from which she derived so much pleasure and improvement were not her own, and perhaps for a short time only accessible to her.

After Mrs. SMITH returned from Ireland, she resided during some months at Patterdale, by the Lake of Ulswater, from whence the following little Poem, written by Miss SMITH, was sent by her and her sister, with a very elegant Irish poplin, to a friend, whose services, though not her affection, they always greatly over-rated.

" *Patterdale, Dec.* 8, 1800.

" WERE India's choicest treasures ours,
And did we give them all to thee,
Yet could not that be call'd a gift,
Which would not send the debtors free.

" For more than worlds to thee we owe,
Who still hast prov'd our kindest friend;
Then add one favour to the past,
To take the trifle we *can* send.

" To purchase pleasure for ourselves
Thy bounteous hand a store supply'd;
The little part we thus employ
Has bought us *more* than all beside."

" E. S. and C. S."

From Patterdale, ELIZABETH writes thus to Miss HUNT.

" *March* 22, 1801.

" You have perhaps heard of the little farm purchased, and house hired at Coniston, where we are to be planted in May. In the mean time we vegetate in a very beautiful country; but this is not the season for enjoying it, and other enjoyments we certainly have none; but we look forward to the land of promise, and flatter ourselves all will be better in the next house. My Father is still in Ireland*.——Do you remember, Werter says, every day he lives amongst the country people he is more delighted with Homer, because he finds his account correspond so exactly with nature? I find it the same here. Our neighbours are very little advanced beyond the state of civilization described by him, and their manners agree surprisingly. I could give you many instances of this, and shew you several Nestors, if I had the happiness of seeing you here. I cannot indeed boast of having met with a Hector. What is still more astonishing is that the belief in ghosts and witches is still in full force. We have heard several serious

* Mr. Smith went into the army in the year 1794, soon after the misfortune which deprived him of Piercefield, and he spent several years in Ireland with his regiment.

and very recent stories of ghosts that have been seen and *laid* in the neighbourhood; and there is an old conjuror living close by, who is always applied to, and who exerts his power when the butter will not come, or when any thing is lost; beside many others of the same trade, in whose incantations the poor people believe *at least* as firmly as they do in the Bible. When I come to witchcraft, you will think it is time for me to leave off. I obey, intreating you to be assured of my most sincere affection."

The circumstance which gave occasion to the following reflections, happened exactly as it is here described.

" *Patterdale, Feb.* 1801.

" Alone on the pathless steep I wander'd,
I sought the foaming waterfall,
And high o'er the torrent's brink I clamber'd,
Which loud and dreadful roar'd beneath.

" At length I came where a winter's streamlet
Had torn the surface from the earth;
Its bed was fill'd with dry shelving gravel,
Which slid beneath my hands and feet.

" The pebbles roll'd rattling down the steep slope,
Then dash'd into the dark abyss,
I follow'd—there was nought to save me,
Nor bush, nor rock, nor grass, nor moss.

" Then did I tranquilly my life resign;
' If 'tis the will of GOD that here
' I perish, may that will be done!' but sudden
Across my mind th' idea flash'd—
' 'Twas not by his command I hither came;
' 'Tis I, who wickedly have thrown away
' That life which He for nobler ends had giv'n.'
Then, with a deep repentance for my fault,
And firm reliance on his mighty pow'r,
I pray'd to Him who is, who fills all space,
' O LORD, deliver me! I know Thou canst!'
Instant I rais'd my eyes, I know not why,
And saw my sister stand a few yards off;
She seem'd to watch me, but she could not help.
Then, as the busy brain oft sees in sleep,
I thought she saw me slip into the stream,
And dash rebounding on from rock to rock.
Swiftly she ran all down the mountain side
To meet below my mangled lifeless limbs,
And tatter'd garments.—Life then had value,
It was worth a struggle, to spare her soul
That agony.—I pass'd, I know not how,
The danger; then look'd up—she was not there,

Nor had been! 'Twas perhaps a vision sent
To save me from destruction. Shall I then
Say that God does not heed the fate of mortals,
When not a sparrow falls without his will,
And when He thus has saved a worm like me?
So when I totter on the brink of sin,
May the same mercy save me from the gulph!"

On some remarkable sweet tones issuing from the wood on the fire, during a very severe frost.

"*Patterdale, January* 1801.

"The storm is past; the raging wind no more,
Between the mountains rushing, sweeps the vale,
Dashing the billows of the troubled lake
High into the air;—the snowy fleece lies thick;
From every bough, from every jutting rock
The crystals hang;—the torrent's roar has ceas'd,—
As if that voice which called creation forth
Had said, 'Be still!' All nature stands aghast;
Suspended by the viewless power of cold.

"Heap high the fire with wood, and let the blaze
With mimic sunshine gild our gloomy room.
The rising flame now spreads a cheerful ray;
We hover round, rejoicing in the heat;
The stiffen'd limbs relax, the heart dilates.
Hark to that sound! Amid the burning pile
A voice, as of a silver trumpet, speaks.

" Children of Taste! Nature's enthusiasts!
Ye, who, with daring pride, attempt to paint
These awful scenes; is this an offering fit
To great Ulswater's Genius? Is it thus
Ye adore the picturesque, the beautiful?
Is this your homage to the dread sublime?
Oft as ye stray where lofty Stybrow tow'rs,
Or Glencoin opes her ramparts to the lake,
Ye view the roots of trees that once have been,—
The hypocrite tear in every eye
Stands trembling, and ye almost curse the man
Who laid their leafy honours low;—perhaps
Some sage reflection follows, on the fate
Of greatness tumbled from its airy height,—
Of youth and beauty lopp'd in early bloom,—
Or else on avarice, that fiend who turns
The woods to gold, the heart to steel.—Then home
Ye hie, and feed the fire with those lov'd trees
Whose fall ye have deplor'd. For this, be sure
Our sister Dryads ne'er shall spread their arms
To skreen ye from the summer's noon-tide ray;
But ere the sun ascends his fiery car,
Banish'd from these sequester'd glades, far off
To scorching plains and barren mountains go,
Where not a bough shall wave to fan the breeze,
Nor rill shall murmur coolness as it flows.
Then learn how vain th' excuse—'I did no wrong;
I only shar'd the gain of him who did.'"

I will here insert reflections on various subjects found amongst Miss SMITH's papers, most of which, I believe, were written after her return from Ireland.

"WHY are the writings of the ancients, generally speaking, superior to those of the moderns? Because paper was scarce. Of course they would think deeply, and consider their subject on every side, before they would spoil their parchment by writing what on reflection might appear not worth preserving. The same cause, added to the labour of transcribing, would prevent copies being multiplied, except of what was really valuable. Thus what has come down to our time, is only the cream of the writings of the ancients, skimmed off by the judgment of their immediate successors, and cannot fairly be compared with the general mass of modern literature."

"ONE of the most common subjects of complaint, among those who wish to shew their wisdom by arraigning the whole economy of the universe, is the inequality in the distribution of the goods of this life. It is unfair, say they, that a fool should be surrounded with dignities, ho-

nours, and affluence, while a wise man perhaps begs at his door. This is a mistake, arising, as false opinions generally do, from a too hasty view of the subject. Let the wisdom of the one be weighed against the exterior trappings of the other, and it will then appear that the wise man has by much the greater share of the goods even of this life, wisdom being the most valuable gift that God can bestow. It may also be proved that he is the happiest. He is of course virtuous, for true wisdom is the mother of virtue, and his wisdom and virtue will teach him to be contented with whatever lot the will of God may ordain for him. This is more than the fool in the midst of his wealth can ever attain to. He is always pursuing some new bauble; and despising all he possesses in comparison with what he wishes to obtain; and though he may riot in what he calls pleasure for a time, he never enjoys that inward satisfaction, that sunshine of the mind, which alone deserves the name of happiness. If, then, honours, distinctions, and riches, were given exclusively to the wise and good, what would become of the foolish and the wicked? They would lose their only enjoyment, and become much more wretched than it

is possible for a wise man to be under any circumstances. At the same time the happiness of the wise would not increase in the same proportion as that of the fool diminished; because his mind being fixed on higher objects, he would but lightly regard those advantages on which the other sets so high a value. The dog eats meat, and delights in all the dainties of the table; but must the sheep therefore complain, that it has only grass? It has the best food adapted to its nature. Were the dog turned out to graze, he would starve."

"THE hand of a friend imparts inestimable value to the most trifling token of remembrance; but a magnificent present from one *unloved* is like golden fetters, which encumber and restrain not the less for being made of costly materials."

"HUMILITY has been so much recommended, and is indeed so truly a Christian virtue, that some people fancy they cannot be too humble. If they speak of humility towards GOD, they are certainly right; we cannot, by the utmost exertion of our faculties, measure the distance between Him and

us, nor prostrate ourselves too low before Him; but with regard to our fellow-creatures, I think the case is different. Though we ought by no means to assume too much, a certain degree of respect to ourselves is necessary to obtain a proportionate degree from others. Too low an opinion of ourselves will also prevent our undertaking what we are very able to accomplish, and thus prevent the fulfilment of our duty; for it is our duty to exert the powers given us, to the utmost, for good purposes; and how shall we exert powers which we are too humble-minded to suppose we possess? In this particular, as in all others, we should constantly aim at discovering the truth. Though our faculties, both intellectual and corporeal, be absolutely nothing compared with the Divinity, yet when compared with those of other mortals, they rise to some relative value, and it should be our study to ascertain that value, in order that we may employ them to the best advantage; always remembering that it is better to fix it rather below than above *the truth*."

"It is very surprising that praise should excite vanity; for if what is said of us be true, it is no

more than we knew before, and cannot raise us in our own esteem; if it be false, it is surely a most humiliating reflection, that we are only admired because we are not known; and that a closer inspection would draw forth censure, instead of commendation. Praise can hurt only those who have not formed a decided opinion of themselves, and who are willing, on the testimony of others, to rank themselves higher than their merits warrant, in the scale of excellency."

"PLEASURE is a rose near which there ever grows the thorn of evil. It is wisdom's work so carefully to cull the rose, as to avoid the thorn, and let its rich perfume exhale to heaven in grateful adoration of Him who gave the rose to blow."

"As the sun breaking forth in winter, so is joy in the season of affliction. As a shower in the midst of summer, so are the salutary drops of sorrow mingled in our cup of pleasure."

"A SUM of happiness sufficient to supply our reasonable desires for a long time is sometimes condensed into a little space, as light is concen-

trated in the flash. Such moments are given to enable us to guess at the joys of heaven."

"In vain do we attempt to fix our thoughts on heaven; the vanities of this world rise like a cloud of dust before the eyes of the traveller, and obscure, if not totally conceal, the beautiful and boundless prospect of the glorious country towards which we are tending."

"If it were the business of man to make a religion for himself, the Deist, the Theophilanthropist, the Stoic, or even the Epicurean, might be approved; but this is not the case. We are to believe what God has taught us, and to do what He has commanded. All other systems are but the *reveries* of mortals, and not religion."

"The Christian life may be compared to a magnificent column, whose summit always points to heaven. The innocent and therefore real pleasures of this world are the ornaments on the pedestal; very beautiful, and highly to be enjoyed, when the eye is near; but which should not too long or too frequently detain us from that just

distance, where we can contemplate the whole column, and where the ornaments on its base disappear."

"THE cause of all sin is a deficiency in our love of GOD. If we really loved him above all things, we should not be too strongly attached to terrestrial objects, and should with pleasure relinquish them all to please Him. Unfortunately, while we continue on earth, our minds are so much more strongly affected by the perceptions of the senses than by abstract ideas, that it requires a continual exertion to keep up even the remembrance of the invisible world."

"WHEN I hear of a great and good character falling into some heinous crime, I cannot help crying, LORD, what am I, that I should be exempt? O preserve me from temptation, or how shall I stand, when so many, much my superiors, have fallen?"

"SUBLIMITY is something beyond the little circle of our comprehension, and whatever within that circle approaches the circumference, ap-

proaches the sublime. The pleasure occasioned by the idea of sublimity seems to me to consist in the exertion of the mind; which, when violent, overpowers weak minds, as violent exercise does weak bodies, but makes strong ones feel and rejoice in their own energy. Mr. Burke certainly understood and felt the sublime; but I think he would have defined it better, if, instead of saying it is occasioned by terror, he had said, it is something incomprehensible to the mind of man, something which it struggles to take in, but cannot; which exerts all its powers, yet baffles them. The instances he brings of it would in general agree much better with this idea than with that of terror; as, an extent of space of which the eye sees not the bounds, a degree of darkness which conceals them, every thing which occasions indistinctness and difficulty. The same perpendicular height gives a more sublime idea to a person on the summit than at the base, because the eye cannot so easily measure the height."

"IMAGINATION, like the setting sun, casts a glowing lustre over the prospect, and lends to every object an enchanting brilliancy of colouring; but

when reason takes the place of imagination, and the sun sinks behind the mountain, all fade alike into the night of disappointment."

"STUDY is to the mind what exercise is to the body; neither can be active and vigorous without proper exertion. Therefore if the acquisition of knowledge were *not* an end worthy to be gained, still study would be valuable on its own account, as tending to strengthen the mind: just as a walk is beneficial to our health, though we have no particular object in view. And certainly, for that most humiliating mental disorder, the wandering of the thoughts, there is no remedy so efficacious as intense study."

"AN hour well spent condemns a life. When we reflect on the sum of improvement and delight gained in that single hour, how do the multitude of hours already past rise up and say, what good has marked us? Wouldst thou know the true worth of time, *employ one hour*."

"To read a great deal would be a sure preventive of much writing, because almost every one might find all he has to say, already written."

" A WOMAN must have uncommon sweetness of disposition and manners to be *forgiven* for possessing superior talents and acquirements."

" As by weighing a guinea in water, we prove whether it be really gold, so by weighing our own faculties and attainments with those of the world in general, we may ascertain their real worth. Whatever bulk they have gained by the swelling of vanity, so much weight will they lose on the trial. No one can be convinced how difficult it is to know himself, without observing the erroneous opinions which others entertain of themselves; but having seen how far vanity will lead them, we must suspect ourselves."

" IT is not learning that is disliked in women, but the ignorance and vanity which generally accompany it. A woman's learning is like the fine clothes of an upstart, who is anxious to exhibit to all the world the riches so unexpectedly acquired. The learning of a man, on the contrary, is like hereditary rank, which having grown up with him, and being in a manner interwoven with his nature, he is almost unconscious of possessing it. The

reason of this difference is the scarcity of the commodity amongst females, which makes every one who possesses a little, fancy herself a prodigy. As the sum total increases, we may reasonably hope that each will become able to bear her share with a better grace."

"WHY do so many men return coxcombs from their travels? Because they set out fools. If a man take with him even a moderate share of common sense, and a desire of improvement, he will find travelling the best introduction to an acquaintance with himself, and of course the best corrector of vanity; for if we knew ourselves, of what could any of us be vain? Vanity is the fruit of ignorance, which thrives most in subterranean places, where the air of heaven, and the light of the sun, never reach it."

"HOPE without foundation is an *ignis fatuus*, and what foundation can we have for any hope, but that of heaven?"

"GREAT actions are so often performed from little motives of vanity, self-complacency, and the

like, that I am more apt to think highly of the person whom I observe checking a reply to a petulant speech, or even submitting to the judgment of another in stirring the fire, than of one who gives away thousands."

"To be good and disagreeable is high treason against virtue."

"Our endeavours to reach perfection are like those of Sisyphus to roll the stone up the hill; we have a constant tendency downwards, which we must exert all our efforts to counteract."

"A great genius can render clear and intelligible any subject within the compass of human knowledge; therefore what is called a deep book, (too deep to be understood,) we may generally conclude to be the produce of a shallow understanding."

"We were placed in this world to learn to be happy; that is, so to regulate and employ our passions as to make them productive of happiness; if we do not learn this lesson, but on the contrary, make them productive of misery, by cultivating

and encouraging the malevolent, instead of the benevolent affections, heaven itself cannot make us happy. For a being accustomed to indulge envy, hatred, and malice, against superior excellence, would be in a state of the most agonizing torture, if placed in the midst of perfection, where every object calculated to inspire love and admiration, veneration and gratitude, in a well-disposed mind, would excite the opposite painful emotions in his."

"A happy day is worth enjoying; it exercises the soul for heaven. The heart that never tastes of pleasure, shuts up, grows stiff, and incapable of enjoyment. How then shall it enter the realms of bliss? A cold heart can receive no pleasure even there. Happiness is the support of virtue; they should always travel together, and they generally do so; when the heart expands to receive the latter, her companion enters of course. In some situations, if I ever do right, it is mechanically, or in compliance with the deductions of reason; in others, it is from an inward sentiment of goodness, from the love of God, and admiration of the beauty of virtue. I believe it is impossible to be wicked and happy at the same time."

" When we think of the various miseries of the world, it seems as if we ought to mourn continually for our fellow-creatures; and that it is only for want of feeling that we indulge in joy for a single moment. But when we consider all these apparent evils as dispensations of Providence, tending to correct the corruption of our nature, and to fit us for the enjoyment of eternal happiness, we can not only look with calmness on the misfortunes of others, but receive those appointed for ourselves with gratitude."

" Happiness is a very common plant, a native of every soil, yet is some skill required in gathering it; for many poisonous weeds look like it, and deceive the unwary to their ruin."

" Courage has been extolled as the first of human virtues; again, it has been considered as the mere mechanical effect of blood and spirits. Whence arise these opposite opinions? To answer this question, we must trace fear to its origin, *i. e.* the cradle. We are all naturally cowards, as we are gluttons, &c. The first passions of children are, a desire of food; fear, when any

thing approaches which they fancy may hurt them; and anger, when their inclinations are thwarted. These instincts are wisely implanted, for the purpose of self-preservation, not only in the human species, but in the whole animal creation. By these we are and must be guided, till reason gain sufficient strength to rule them. In some this never happens, and they are children all their lives; or rather they degrade themselves to brutes, by not using their reason for the purpose for which it was given. Since, then, fear is natural, courage does not consist in its absence, but in its proper regulation by reason; to fear only when there is cause to fear. On this subject there will be various opinions. Some think any bodily pain or injury a cause of fear, others dread the censure or ridicule of the world, &c. It is the Christian alone, who, having his treasure in heaven, can find no cause of fear in this world, and who is therefore the only hero. Others may possess degrees of courage sufficient for outside show, to impose upon the world, to be admired, and to be talked of; but which having no better foundation than vanity, emulation, or shame, all originally the offspring of fear, will shrink from even a small

trial which no eye beholds, because their natural timidity having been argued down by only weak and partial reasons, will always recur when those reasons fail. Such courage is not a virtue, though still, as being an exertion of reason, upon whatever principles, it is more respectable than cowardice. It is the foundation of religion alone, which exalts courage to the highest virtue, and at the same time makes it universal, as being an universal principle applicable to all circumstances."

In the month of May 1802, Mrs. BLAKE and Mrs. E. HAMILTON went to spend the summer near the Lakes; and I had the pleasure of introducing them to Mrs. SMITH. I take the liberty of inserting some short extracts from Mrs. HAMILTON's letters, because they describe the situation of my friends far better than I am capable of doing it. The talents of the writer are well known, and universally admired.

"*Monk Coniston, Aug.* 8.

"WERE it possible that your heart could feel a pang of envy, it would certainly be excited by the

date of this letter, which at a glance will convey to you an idea of the happiness I just now enjoy.

"You wish me to be particular in my description of the place, and of every thing concerning the dear inhabitants. I wish I could say that the house was comfortable, but in truth it is not. I cannot help wishing that a more commodious dwelling could be reared; and I am sure that were you to have a sight of this in winter, you would be of my opinion. The situation is indeed enchanting, and during the summer months, inconveniencies within doors are little felt; but it grieves me to be convinced of what they must amount to in December. Mrs. SMITH's spirits still support her. Not all the sufferings she has been doomed to experience, have had power to destroy the energy of a mind that is superior to the malice of fortune. Her gentle daughters are indeed admirable creatures. Their sweet manners, their amiable contentedness, and cheerful enjoyment of every blessing which Providence has placed within their reach, is truly engaging."

"*Sept. 2d.*

"I CANNOT help reproaching myself for having added to your anxiety about your deservedly dear

friends, especially as they seem determined against building at present. While they can enjoy their pursuits out of doors, the house is of little consequence, as by exposure to the air the body is fortified to endure damp, and this it is which has preserved the health of the whole family; but when the weather does not permit the use of exercise, I fear it must prove injurious. I was not sorry that the weather was bad while I was at Coniston, as it gave so much more time for conversation, and every hour endeared the whole family to me more and more."

"*Oct.* 25.

"I spent a few delightful hours with Mrs. SMITH, whose society I preferred to all the beauties of the Lake, across which my Sister was conducted by the *Nymphs*, who in the days of Paganism would have been worshipped as beings of a superior order, so elegantly graceful do they appear, when with easy motion they guide their light boat over the waves. After having seen all this country, I consider Coniston as the most eligible spot they could possibly have fixed on. I have no doubt that with their judicious plan of cultivation the land will,

in three years' time, double its value. The situation is uncommonly beautiful. The scenery is such as to charm every mind that is susceptible of the emotions of sublimity or beauty. Its remoteness from what is called *good neighbourhood* is another great advantage, for there they can preserve the dignity of retirement. Their present *house* is certainly damp, but the *soil* is very dry, and houses properly built are liable to no such inconvenience."

" *Edinburgh, Dec.* 13.

" We began to feel the want of society at Bowness, and were on that account doubly obliged to our dear Coniston friends, for a most kind and welcome visit of the young ladies. Mrs. Smith, to our great regret, was not well enough to come, as the lake, which is in summer so agreeable, presents in winter a formidable barrier on account of the extreme cold. I never before saw so much of Miss Smith, and in the three days she spent with us, the admiration which I had always felt for her extraordinary talents, and as extraordinary virtues, was hourly augmented. She is indeed a most charming creature, and if one could inoculate her

with a little of the Scotch frankness, I think she would be one of the most perfect of human beings*."

* I take the liberty of adding an extract from a letter lately received from Mrs. E. HAMILTON.

"*Edinburgh, March* 11, 1809.

"I cannot but be highly flattered by your expressing a wish to insert in the FRAGMENTS some passages from my letters which related to the ever beloved and regretted Miss SMITH: for be assured, no circumstance could be more gratifying to my feelings than to be permitted to add my mite to the tribute paid to her memory. But it was not on a first acquaintance that her extraordinary qualities were to be appreciated. She did not emit those brilliant flashes which dazzle the imagination; and so superior were the native graces of her mind to the ornaments which embellished it, that acquirements which in others would have been admired as astonishing, were in her sometimes almost unobserved. To those who had been accustomed to contemplate the possessor of genius or learning raised upon the pedestal of vanity, and extorting the homage of applause from all beholders, the simplicity, to which all ostentatious display was abhorrent, would have appeared as a defect, and therefore it is not surprising that her merit should have been sometimes overlooked. But whoever compared it with a higher standard than that of the world, must have been sensible of

In the year 1803, Mr. Sotheby, the elegant translator of Oberon, expressed to me a wish that Miss SMITH's uncommon talents should be employed in something which might interest the public; particularly in translations from the German. He could scarcely credit what I said of the facility with which she translated from that very difficult language; and taking down Gesner's works, which was the only German book in my possession, he turned to one of the Idylls, and requested me to ask her to translate it. I believe she had never read it, and I know she had no dictionary; but I told her that Mr. Sotheby had commended the poem highly, and I wished she would make me understand it. The next morning she brought me the following.

"*A Picture of the Deluge.*

"THE marble towers were already deep buried beneath the flood, and dark waves rolled over the

its near approach to perfection, and while they bestowed on her character the admiration so justly due, they would be led to reflect with gratitude that the model on which all her virtues were formed, is within the reach of all who with equal sincerity endeavour to mould themselves to its likeness."

mountain tops; one lofty summit stood alone above the waters. Its sides resounded with the mingled cries of wretches who attempted to ascend, and whom death followed on the dashing wave. Here, a crag, rent from the mountain, fell with its burthen of helpless mortals into the foaming flood; there, the wild stream of a torrent hurried down the son, as he was dragging up his dying father, or the despairing mother with the load of her children. Only the highest summit now remained above the deluge.

" Semin, a noble youth, to whom the most noble of maidens had sworn eternal love, had saved his beloved Semira on the summit. All else were dead. They stood alone in the howling storm; the waves dashed over them. Above them growl'd the thunder, and beneath roar'd the furious ocean. Darkness reign'd around, save when the lightning shew'd the horrid scene. Each cloud's dark brow threaten'd vengeance, and each wave roll'd on a thousand corses; it roll'd on with fury, seeking for more destruction.—Semira press'd her beloved to her trembling heart; tears ran with the rain-drops down her faded cheeks. She spoke with a faltering voice.—

"'There is no more safety, O my beloved! my Semin! Death surrounds us. O destruction! O misery! Death comes every moment nearer. Which of those waves, oh, which will overwhelm us? Hold me, hold me in thy trembling arms, O my beloved! Soon, soon shall I, shalt thou, be no more; swallowed up in the universal destruction. Now,—O God! yonder it rolls. How dreadful! It rolls yet nearer, illumined by the lightning. Now,—O God! our Judge!' she said, and sunk on Semin. His trembling arm surrounded his fainting love. No voice breathed from his quivering lips. He saw destruction no longer: he saw only the fainting Semira leaning on his bosom, and felt more than the chill of death. Now he kiss'd her pale cheek, wet with the chilling rain; he press'd her closer to his breast, and said, 'Semira, beloved Semira, wake! Oh, yet return to this scene of horror, that thine eyes may look on me once more; that thy pale lips may once more tell me that thou lov'st me even in death, yet once more, ere the flood o'erwhelm us both!' He said, and she awoke. She look'd on him with an eye full of tenderness and inexpressible sorrow,—then on the wide scene of desolation. 'O God,

our Judge!' she cried, 'is there no protection, is there no pity for us? O how the waves dash, how the thunder roars around us! What terrors announce the unpropitiated judgment. O God! our years flowed on in innocence. Thou, the most virtuous of youths!—Woe, woe is me! They are all gone; they who adorn'd my life with the flowers of joy are all gone!—And thou who gavest me life, —O agonizing sight! the wave tore thee from my side. Yet once didst thou raise thy head and thine arms; thou wouldst have blest me, and wert overwhelm'd. O they are all gone—and yet—O Semin, Semin; beside thee the lonely desolated world would be to me a Paradise. Our youthful years flow'd on in innocence. Oh, is there no salvation, no mercy? Yet why does my afflicted heart complain? O God, forgive! We die. What is the innocence of man in thy sight?' The youth supported his beloved as she trembled in the storm, and said, 'Yes, my beloved, life is banish'd from the earth; the voice of the dying no more is heard amidst the roaring of the ocean. O Semira, my dearest Semira, the next moment will be our last! Yes, they are gone, the hopes of this life are all gone; every pleasing prospect that we

imagined in the enraptured hours of our love, is vanished. We die:—but O let us not wait the universal doom like those who have no hope; and O my beloved, what is the longest, the happiest life? A dew-drop that hangs from the jutting rock, and before the morning sun falls into the sea.—Raise up thy drooping spirit.—Beyond this life is peace and eternity. Let us not tremble now, as we pass over. Embrace me, and so let us await our destiny. Soon, my Semira, soon shall our souls rise above this desolation; full of feeling, of inexpressible happiness, shall they arise. O God, hope fills my soul with courage. Yes, Semira, let us lift up our hands to God. Shall a mortal adjust his balance? He who breath'd into us the breath of life; He sends death to the righteous, and to the unrighteous; but well is it for him who hath walked in the path of virtue. We pray not for life, O righteous Judge! Take us from hence; but oh, invigorate the hope, the sweet hope of inexpressible happiness, which death shall no more disturb.—Then roll, ye thunders, and rage, thou ocean: dash over us, ye waves! Praised be the righteous Judge, praised! Let this be the last thought of our soul in the dying body.'—Courage

and joy animated the face of Semira. She rais'd her hands in the storm, and said, 'Yes, I feel the delightful, the glorious hope! Praise the LORD, O my tongue; weep tears of joy, my eyes, till death shall close ye. A heaven filled with happiness awaits us. Ye are all gone before, ye beloved! We come. Soon, O soon we shall again behold you! They stand before *his* throne, the Righteous One's; He has gathered them together from his judgment. Roar, ye thunders; rage, destruction; ye are hymns of praise to his righteousness. Roll over us, ye waves. See, my beloved!—Embrace me—yonder it comes; death comes on yon dark wave. Embrace me, Semin; leave me not. O already the flood uplifts me from the earth.'—'I embrace thee, Semira,' said the youth; 'I embrace thee! O death, thou art welcome. We are prepared. Praised be the eternal Just One!'—The next wave found them lock'd in each other's arms; the succeeding found them not."

Mr. Sotheby was extremely pleased with this translation, and his encouragement and kind assistance led me to engage my beloved friend in a

work which employed much of her time and attention, and in which she took particular pleasure; till her last fatal illness put an end to her pursuits, and to all our earthly hopes in regard to her. The work to which I allude, is a translation of Letters and Memoirs relating to Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock. The interest which was awakened by Mrs. Klopstock's letters, lately published in the Correspondence of Mr. Richardson, led me to suppose that authentic information with regard to that amiable woman would be well received by the public; and the kindness of the venerable Dr. Mumsen, of Altona, who had been the intimate friend of Klopstock, supplied me with many letters and other works in prose and verse, which Miss Smith translated. I will here insert some extracts from letters, which were sent to me with different parts of this little work, the materials for which were received by me, and forwarded to her at different times.

"*Coniston, November* 9, 1804.

"My Mother has, I hope, told you, my dearest friend, that Mr. Sotheby's book arrived the day

before she left home, which was as soon as I could do any good with it. My Mother and I were so comfortable together, that I did not attempt to do any thing, except translating the little Ode to Bodmer one night after she was gone to bed. I shall now have a clear week between her going and my Sister's coming, and that will be sufficient to do all you want. But I ought to tell you what I have got, that you may explain your wishes more fully. The two volumes contain a series of odes arranged in chronological order from 1747 to 1797, published by Klopstock himself in 1798. Mr. Sotheby's book contains some of the same odes, with a few others, some pieces of prose, most of which seem to have been written for the Northern Spectator; and his letters to his wife after her death. This book was published in 1771. The Preface contains an extract from a letter of Bodmer's, giving a very interesting account of Klopstock when a boy, and of his first reading Milton. Would you wish to have that? There is nothing in this volume which can have been written by Meta, except a dialogue between Klopstock and her on the subject of Fame. In an Ode to Schmidt her death is mentioned with

great feeling. I have translated this, with all the other pieces just mentioned, and if you want only what relates to her, this is all that Mr. Sotheby's book can supply, except a letter on the fashions, to the Northern Spectator, in which she is mentioned as an example. I think you should publish that for the good of your neighbours. I come now to the Odes. There are six addressed to, or relating to, his wife, under the name of Cidli. These are done, and so is the Ode to God, because you desired it; but I think you must be mistaken in supposing it related to his wife, because it was written in 1748, which, according to her letters to Richardson, was three years before he ever saw her. He probably meant Fanny, the sister of his friend Schmidt, to whom he addressed several poems in the same year. This is all I can find for you that in any way concerns Mrs. Klopstock, and now I want to know whether you wish for any more. There is a very long and fine Ode to the Omnipresent, written in 1758, probably soon after her death, in which she is not mentioned, but it shews the turn that his mind had taken. There are also several others of a religious cast in the year following. I shall go on with these till my Sister's

return, and then shall wait your orders to send what you choose. I cannot conclude without thanking you most heartily for the employment. I am so delighted with Klopstock, that I feel very glad of an excuse to give up my whole time and thoughts to him. As to the Dictionary, I am sorry to have troubled Mr. Sotheby, for I have not yet found any use for it. The English often runs so naturally in the same course with the German, that I have nothing to do but to write it down. Perhaps you will be kind enough to mention any thing you dislike; then if it be Klopstock's fault, you must be content; if mine, it shall be corrected with thankfulness.

"P. S. I have just found two more Odes, written in 1750, in which I had not observed the name of Cidli. One is on the death of Clarissa. They shall be done immediately."

"*November* 25.

"A thousand thanks for your letter, which I hope to find space to answer in the sheet which is to be dispatched on the next post-day. You have now got all that relates to Meta. I think you will find some of the prose tedious; but I will send it,

and then you will judge for yourself. There is a life of Klopstock in the new edition of his works; but whether it contain many interesting particulars, is more than I know.

" That you may not suspect me of arrogance in saying that I made no use of the Dictionary, I must tell you that the difficulty of Klopstock's Odes (for difficult many of them certainly are) does not consist in hard words, but in the wide range of ideas, and the depth of thought, which he has expressed in very concise language; of course, often bordering on obscurity, but such obscurity as no dictionary has power to dissipate. On the contrary, in translating the prose, I have several times had occasion to consult it for names of things in common use, which never occur in poetry, and it has not always afforded the information I wanted. There are some words for which I am still at a loss, which I send in German, in hopes that Miss HUNT can explain them. If you imagine me making rapid progress, you are totally mistaken. Since my sisters and BEDFORD* came home, my perfect stillness is at an end; and

* Third son of Mr. SMITH, now in the 6th dragoon guards.

my brains being of that kind which requires the aid of outward composure, it is not without difficulty that I can now translate the prose, and the poetry I do not think of attempting. The present sheet is all I have translated since their return, though I have still some left of what I had done before. I fear it will be so long before all our materials are collected, that the subject will be forgotten in the world. Never, I intreat you, think of thanking me; but be assured that if I can do any thing to amuse you, whether it be of any further use, or not, the pleasure of doing so is to me an ample reward."

"*December 22.*

"Last night arrived your parcel,—your little parcel of great treasures. The letters between Klopstock and his wife are highly interesting to those who know and love them as we do; and Mrs. Klopstock's Letters from the Dead to the Living, as well as many of the letters of their friends written after her death, will, I am sure, delight you.

"You put a dash under *warm* bed-chamber, as if you thought we could not give you one; it is therefore my duty to tell you, that it is the warmest

and best thing we have; and that if it were possible to transport you hither, we should not despair of making you comfortable, even in the depth of winter; nor of hearing you admire our mountains every time the sun shone. In fact, their present colouring is so rich, and the small elevation of the sun above the horizon is so favourable to the lights and shadows, that when a gleam *does* dart across the valley, it is, in a painter's eye, more beautiful than in summer. The mountains in the back-ground are covered with snow, but we have only a little sprinkling on the top of our highest neighbour. I hope, too, you would not here be so often 'sick at heart' as you are at Bath, and always *must* be, till you learn, what you never will learn, to care for nobody but yourself. We expected Miss HUNT would have some influence in keeping you quiet, by making you happy at home; but it seems even her power is not sufficient. Give my kind love to her. LOUIS* is at home for the holidays. He and BEDFORD are very grateful for your kind remembrance. As to your *own* children, I need not waste paper in telling you how much they love you."

* The youngest son; now in the Navy.

" *March* 22, 1805.

" A small box will be dispatched to-morrow, containing a translation of all the prose in Mr. Sotheby's book, and of Mrs. Klopstock's Letters from the Dead to the Living. Thinking that you would be curious to know at least the subject of the ' Ode to Fanny,' I have attempted an imitation, though as Mrs. Lindegren says, it is beyond the power of translation. By way of preface to the whole, I have sent ' The Poem's complaint,' that you may see what poor Klopstock would say to me if he could. Mr. Sotheby's book and the letters, I return with thanks. If you wish to have Mrs. Klopstock's unfinished tragedy of ' The Death of Abel,' it shall be done, or any thing else that you bid me do. I fear you will find some German sticking to the translation, which I have not been able to rub off. I have added some of my Sunday work*, for your private amusement. You are so well acquainted with the subject, and have the power of consulting so many books, that you will probably know I am mistaken in many instances, and you will highly oblige me by telling me so. Where I may be right, it is often no more

* Translations of some of the Psalms.

than a lucky guess, and guesses must sometimes prove erroneous. At the bottom of the box you will find a few transparencies done by KITTY and me for your show-box*. TURPIN sends her duty; if she durst, I believe it would be her love†.—— How we wish that Coniston were Middle-Hill just now! I do not mean that Coniston should be any thing but what it is, only that it should be as easy for you to get at it. We should make you well directly, brace up your nerves with our clear air, delight your eyes with our prospects, and make you feel so happy, that you would scarcely believe that you ever had felt otherwise; and then how happy should *we* be!"

"*April* 16.

"YOUR *gratitude* to me, dearest friend, is like TURPIN'S *duty* to you, rejected because you

* At Patterdale and Coniston, Miss SMITH and her sisters found much employment for the pencil, and I am in possession of a beautiful set of transparencies, from scenes in that country, which prove how well they employed it. ELIZABETH discovered a method of clearing the lights with wax, instead of oil or varnish, which I think answers perfectly well.

† The faithful servant mentioned by Mrs. SMITH. See Appendix, Letter III.

owe none. The employment has been very delightful to me. I could not have got through the winter without something to engage my thoughts, to fix my attention; and I could hardly have found any thing that would do this more agreeably than the Klopstocks: yet I should have wanted a sufficient motive for spending so much time on them, had not you supplied one in the pleasure of doing *any thing* for *you*. You have provided both the subject and the motive for action; and thus on this, as on all other occasions, I am highly indebted to you. I have now sent all that was wanting of the little volume, except some of the letters of their friends, which seem to throw no particular light on the subject, and are only interesting as they shew how much the Klopstocks were beloved. If you find this packet more incorrect than the former, do not think that I am tired of the work; I was only very much hurried to get all done in time for my Mother's box, so much as not to be able to read it over, after it was written, to see whether the stops had happened to fall in the right place. Mr. Satche's speech was never touched till within the last two hours. Of course I was obliged to send the foul copy unread;

but it is the facts only that you want, and those you have got; no matter in what language, if you can but read it. All you desired me to do, is, I think, now sent. I do not wonder you are disappointed in Klopstock's prose; it seemed to me in general dull. His wife, I think, writes with more ease. I thought it was best to give you every thing, and leave you to *weed* for yourself. I have accordingly been as faithful as I could. You *must* reconcile yourself to Fanny. I rather think that Klopstock was more in love with her than even with your favourite META; at least the Odes which relate to her appear to me to be the finest. His second wife was a blessing sent by Heaven, to make him endure existence for the good of the human race. Do not *blame* him for having been fortunate enough, at very different periods of his life, to meet with three such women. In truth he is so great a favourite of mine, that I would gladly excuse him at any rate.

"I never read Peters on Job, nor any thing about the Hebrew language, except the book of Dr. Kennicott's which you lent me, and Lowth's Prælections. Parkhurst has been my only guide, but I fancy he is a very good one."

I afterwards received from Dr. Mumsen and Mrs. Klopstock other letters and papers, which delayed our intended publication. Some of these were translated by Miss SMITH, but others did not arrive till she was too ill to attend to them.

As a specimen of Miss SMITH's translations from the Hebrew Bible, I insert Jonah's prayer, and the last chapter of Habakkuk. I do not presume to form any judgment with regard to these translations; but they were shewn to a gentleman who is well acquainted with the language, and who was requested to give his opinion of them. He said that the author had certainly an extraordinary knowledge of Hebrew; that he thought him rather too free for a biblical translator, but he shewed great acquaintance with the language, as well as a refined taste, and that many of his conjectures were eminently happy.—— This opinion was formed entirely from a critical examination of the work, without any knowledge of the author; whose acquaintance with the language would certainly have appeared much more extraordinary, had this gentleman known that these translations, and many others from the same sacred book, were the work of a young lady who never received any

instruction with regard to the Hebrew language from any person whatever. She had no idea of ever offering them to the public, and it is now done principally to shew with what attention she pursued this most interesting of all studies, and how well she adhered to the resolution she had formed, to let the word of God be her chief study, and all others subservient to it. She translated some chapters in Genesis, the whole book of Job, many of the Psalms, some parts of the Prophets, &c. She spent some time with me in the year 1803, when she brought me her translation of Job, and many observations on different parts of the Old Testament. We had much conversation on such subjects, from which I always derived information as well as delight. She had shewn me her translation of the eleventh chapter of Genesis, in the year 1797, when she was only twenty years old; and as it differs considerably from that in the English Bible, I requested a friend to shew it to Mrs. Carter, who said that the idea was new to her, but she thought the words might bear that interpretation. I was afterwards informed that Sir William Jones had given the same interpretation to that chapter. I do not know whether it is

mentioned in the works of that great man, from which Miss SMITH afterwards derived much information, and of which she always spoke with enthusiastic admiration; but they were not then published.

" JONAH'S PRAYER.

" c. ii. v. 2.

" I call on JEHOVAH from my prison,
And He will hear me:
From the womb of the grave I cry,
Thou hearest my voice.
Thou hast cast me into wide waters in the depth of the [sea,
And the floods surround me;
All thy dashing and thy rolling waves
Pass over me.
And I said I am expelled
From before thine eyes;
O that I might once more behold
Thy holy temple!
The waters on every side threaten my life,
The deep surrounds me;
Sea-weed is the *binding of my head:

* " The binding of the head was a preparation for burial."

I am going down to the clefts of the mountains.
The earth has shut her bars
Behind me for ever.
But Thou wilt raise my soul from corruption,
JEHOVAH, my GOD!
In the fading away of my life,
I think upon JEHOVAH;
And my prayer shall come unto Thee
In thy holy temple.
They who serve false gods
Forsake the fountain of mercy;
But I with the voice of praise
Will sacrifice to Thee.
What I have vowed I will perform,
Salvation is JEHOVAH's!"

" HABAKKUK.

" THE two first chapters of Habakkuk contain a prophecy of the invasion of Judea by the Chaldeans, and of the vengeance which God will take on *them* for the evils they inflict on his people, whom He promises He will not utterly forsake; ' for the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the LORD, as the waters cover the

sea;' referring to the eleventh chapter of Isaiah, which contains a clear prediction of the Messiah. The third chapter is an ode, apparently intended to be sung by two persons, or two companies. No. I. representing the Prophet foretelling what is to happen to the Jews. No. II. some one recounting the great works and deliverances already performed by GOD, as reasons for trusting that He will again deliver his people. In the conclusion, both parts join in a chorus of praise.

"The *first* division is a prediction of the coming of CHRIST. It is answered by a description of GOD's actual appearance on Mount Sinai.

"The *second* tells of evils impending on some neighbouring nations. Answered by an account of the deluge, when the ark was saved upon the waves.

"The *third*, a threat of vengeance on the enemies of GOD. Answered by the judgments inflicted on Egypt, when the Israelites were brought out in safety.

"The *fourth* refers immediately to the threatened invasion by the Chaldeans. The answer is plain; I will yet trust in the LORD, who will at length deliver me from my enemies.

"The whole concludes with a chorus of praise.

"A SONG IN PARTS *.

"BY HABAKKUK THE PROPHET.

"UPON JUDGMENTS, OR MAGNIFICENT WORKS.

I.

"JEHOVAH! I have heard thy report.
† I have seen, JEHOVAH! thy work.
In the midst of years Thou wilt cause *him* to live,
In the midst of years Thou wilt give knowledge,
In trembling Thou wilt cause to remember mercy.

II.

"The Almighty came from the south,
And the Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah.
His glory covered the heavens,
And his splendour filled the earth.
And the brightness was as the light;
Rays darted from his hands,
And from the cloud ‡, the abode of his power,
Before him went the pestilence,
And glowing fire came forth from his feet.

* "A song in Parts:" may not תפלה, of which the meaning is, "division," "coming between," &c. mean "a divided piece," "a dialogue?"

† ריתי for ראתי Qu.?

‡ "The cloud which accompanied the appearance of JEHOVAH."

He stood, and measured the earth,
He beheld, and explored the nations.
And the durable mountains burst asunder,
The ancient hills fell down,
His paths in days of old.

I.

" I have seen the tents of Cushan under affliction,
The curtains of the land of Midian shake.

II.

" Was JEHOVAH incensed in the flood?
Truly in the floods was thy wrath,
Verily in the waters thy fury;
But Thou madest thy chariot of salvation to ride on the
swift ones,
Then didst Thou set to view thy bow,
The pledge to the tribes for thy word. Selah.
The floods ploughed vallies in the earth;
The mountains saw Thee, they travailed,
Torrents of water gushed forth.
The abyss uttered his voice,
The sun lift up his hands on high,
The moon stopped in her mansion,
At the brightness of thy flying arrows,
At the lightning of thy flashing spear.

I.

" In indignation Thou wilt tread the earth,
In fury Thou wilt stamp the nations.

II.

" Thou wentest forth for the salvation of thy people,
The salvation of thine anointed.
Thou didst cut off the first-born from the house of the [wicked,
Thou didst provoke the stubborn to bending. Selah.
Thou didst strike the fountain with his rod,
*They were scatter'd, † they came forth like a whirl- [wind,
To destroy their flourishing crops,
While the food of the oppress'd was in safety.
Thou didst walk thy horses through the sea,
Troubling the great waters.

I.

" I heard, and my bowels were moved,
At the sound my lips quivered,
Rottenness entered into my bones,
And they trembled beneath me;
While I groaned for the day of tribulation,
The coming up of the people to assault us.

II.

" Though the fig-tree do not blossom,
And there be no fruit on the vine;

* " The frogs scattered over the land."
† " The flies, locusts, &c."

Though the produce of the olive fail,
And the parched field yield no food;
Though the flock be cut off from the fold,
And there be no cattle in the stalls;
Yet I will rejoice in JEHOVAH,
I will exult in GOD, my SAVIOUR.

CHORUS.

"JEHOVAH my LORD is my strength,
He will set my feet as the deer's,
He will make me to walk on high places."

"To the Conqueror of my Assailants;

or,

"To Him who causeth me to triumph in my afflictions."

Continual study of the Hebrew poetry probably suggested this Hymn, which is dated Feb. 18, 1803.

"O THOU! who commandest the storm,
And stillest its rage with a word;
Who dark'nest the earth with thy clouds,
And call'st forth the sun in his strength;
Who hurlest the proud from his throne,
And liftest the poor from the dust;

Who sendest afflictions for good,
And blessings at times for a curse;
Whose ways are impervious to man,
Whose decrees we've no power to withstand;—
Thou hast plac'd me in poverty's vale,
Yet giv'n me contentment and bliss.
Should'st Thou e'er set me up on the hill,
O let not my heart be elate;
But humility ever abide,
And gratitude rule in my breast;
Let me feel for the woes of the poor,
Which now I've no power to relieve:
Let compassion not end with a tear,
But charity work for thy sake;
And the streams of beneficence fall,
Enriching the valley beneath;
Then though Thou should'st wrap me in clouds,
And threaten the hill with a storm;
Yet the sunshine of peace shall break forth,
And the summit reflect its last ray."

I am not sure that the following reflections are original. They may perhaps be translated from the German; but the sentiments with regard to the weakness of human reason, and the absolute necessity of divine assistance, would certainly

please Miss Smith, as they are perfectly in unison with her own ideas.

"It is declared in the Scriptures that the natural man knoweth not the things of God, neither can he comprehend them; and I am convinced that this is true. God only requires the heart and its affections, and after those are wholly devoted to Him, He himself worketh all things within it and for it. 'My son, give me thy heart;' and all the rest is conformity and obedience. This is the simple ground of all religion, which implies a reunion of the soul to a principle which it had lost in its corrupt and fallen state. Mankind have opposed this doctrine, because it has a direct tendency to lay very low the pride and elevation of the heart, and the perverseness of the will, and prescribes a severe mortification to the passions; it will be found, notwithstanding, either in time or eternity, a most important truth.

"In the Holy Scriptures nothing appears to have a reference to the great work of salvation, but a rectitude of the heart, and subjection of the will; and it is clear to my understanding that it should

be so: for the mere operations of the head, the lucubrations of reason on divine subjects, are as different as men. The natural powers of man may be sanctified by the influences of religion in the soul, and cease from opposition in matters wherein formerly they took supreme direction; but until they are in awful silence before God, the work of redemption is unfelt and unknown.

" Religion is an universal concern; the only important business of our lives. The learned and the ignorant are equally the object of it; and it is highly becoming the Father of Spirits, the friend of man, that all the spirits which He has made, should be equal candidates for his regard; that his mercy should operate upon a principle, of which mankind are equal partakers. If the reason or the understanding were alone capable of religious discernment, nine-tenths of the world would be excluded from his providence: but not so does his mercy operate. He influences by love, and the affections are the only objects of it.

" Look into the opinions of men, contemplate their great diversity, their complete opposition to

each other; and where shall the serious, the reflecting mind find a peaceful station to rest upon? Where shall it find 'the shadow of a mighty rock, in a weary land' of fluctuating devices and tempests of opinion? Not in human literature, not in the inventions of men; but in silence before the God of our lives, in pure devotion of the heart, and in prostration of the soul. The knee bends before the Majesty of Omnipotence, and all the powers of the mind say, Amen!—In matters so important as pure religion, the salvation of the immortal soul, it is highly worthy of Divine Wisdom that He should take the supreme direction to Himself alone, and not leave any part of the work to the device of man; for it is evident to every candid inquirer, that whenever he interferes he spoils it. Religion is of so pure and spotless a nature, that a touch will contaminate it. It is uniform, consistent, and of the same complexion and character in all nations. Languages and customs may greatly differ; but the language of pure devotion of the heart to its Maker is one and the same over the face of the whole earth. It is acknowledged and felt 'through the unity of the spirit, in the bond of peace.' There is a harmony and consistency in the works of God,

external and internal; the external operations of nature are strictly typical of internal things; the visible of the invisible world.

"I am convinced that the Author of our being has left nothing to man with respect to the formation of religion in the mind of a child, but the opening his path, and clearing his road from the thorns and briars of contagious example. The influences of man consist in pure example, dispassionate persuasion, and an early subjection of the will to what is written in the law of God. The enlightening the understanding, the purification of the heart, the accomplishing the course of rectitude to the invisible world, and qualifying the soul for beatitude amongst the spirits of the just, must be left to Supreme wisdom and mercy. The sciences are of very partial concern, are in the hands of a few, and are the proper objects of human wisdom, and attainable by its powers alone; but their center and their circumscription is in time. From high attainments in these the mind of man is taught to wonder, but I much question whether he is often taught to adore. They are too apt to raise the mind, to engage a devoted idolatrous

attention, and fix a supercilious disregard to the humble appearance of a meek and quiet spirit; and if it were possible that they should accompany the soul from time to eternity, they would prove a subject of humiliation before an eye that is more extensively opened; yet these may be sanctified by the influence of religion."

I do not know *when* Miss SMITH read Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, but it gave occasion to the following remarks, which are prefaced with a modest allusion to her own inferiority to this great writer, and were never, I believe, seen by any body till after her death.

"A fly found fault with one of the finest works of man."

"LOCKE's ideas of infinity appear to me to want his usual clearness. Perhaps the fault is in my own understanding. I will try to unravel my thoughts on the subject, and see on which side the error lies.

"His manner of representing to himself *infinity* is to add together certain known quantities, whether

of space or duration, as miles, or years, and when tired with multiplication, he contemplates a boundless remainder. This, indeed, serves to bewilder the mind in the idea of incomprehensible immensity; the remainder which is always left, is a cloud that conceals the end; but so far from convincing us there is *none*, the very idea of a remainder carries with it that of an end; and when we have in thought passed through so large a part of space or duration, we must be nearer the end than when we set out. I think the cause of Mr. Locke's confusion on this subject is his use of the word *parts*. He says that the parts of expansion and duration are not separable, even in thought. Then why say they have parts? Surely whatever has parts, may be divided into those parts; and what is not divisible, even in imagination, has no parts. He forgets his own excellent definition of time and place, that 'they are only ideas of determinate distances, from certain known points, fixed in distinguishable, sensible things, and supposed to keep the same distance one from another;' only marks set up for our use while on earth, to help us to arrange things in our narrow understandings by shewing their relative situations, and not really

existing in nature. This he forgets, and having granted that duration and expansion have parts, he applies his minutes and his inches to measure eternity and infinite space.——To prove the fallacy of this method, suppose 10,000 diameters of the earth to be some part, a 10th or 10,000th part of infinite space; then infinite space is exactly 10 times, or 10,000 times 10,000 diameters of the earth, and no more. Infinite space has certain bounds, which is a contradiction. There is no impropriety in taking a foot-rule to measure the ocean, because multiplied a certain number of times, it will give the extent of the ocean; but no multiple of what is finite can ever produce infinity; for though number abstractedly be infinite, a series of numbers may go on continually increasing, yet no one of those numbers can express infinity, each being in itself a determined quantity. When in the beginning of a series, two are added together, each of those two must be circumscribed, consequently the whole circumscribed *ad infinitum*.——On the contrary, *unity* seems much more capable of expressing infinity, though we finite beings, incapable at present of comprehending it, can form but a vague and in-

adequate idea. Unity has no bounds, nor, as Mr. Locke says, any shadow of variety or composition; and to appeal at once to the highest authority, it is the sign that the Great Creator has used, as being the most proper to convey an idea of Himself to our finite understandings.

" Succession, without which, Mr. Locke says, he cannot conceive duration, is still a division of it into parts. I believe his opinion to be right, that our only perception of duration is from the succession of our own ideas; but is our perception of it the cause of its existence? No more than our walking over the ground is the cause of its extension. He grants this, when he says, that during sleep we have no perception of duration, but the moment when we fall asleep, and that in which we awake, seems to us to have no distance. Since then there may be duration without our perception of succession, may it not be actually without succession? Where all things are eternal, there can be no relation of the end of one to the beginning of another; consequently no time, the measure of a relation which does not exist. There is another case in which Mr. Locke thinks a man would per-

ceive no succession in duration;—if it were possible for him to keep his mind entirely fixed on one idea. Does not this apply to the Supreme Being, who having always all ideas present to his mind, can perceive no succession? As He fills at once all space, He exists at once through all eternity. I do not pretend to have discovered this by the chain of my own reasoning; it is suggested to me by the name which God gives us of himself. He tells us, not only that He is יה, ὁ ων, *the existing*; but also that He is יהוה, *existence*, present, future, and past, in one, which seems to me to mean, not merely that He can look forward or backward into a record of events, but that there is no succession in his duration; that what we call present, past, and future, are always equally present; that all is perfect unity; there is no variety or shadow of changing. Many passages might be brought from Scripture to confirm this opinion, and some, which I think are not intelligible without it; such as, 'a thousand years are with Him as one day;' 'before Abraham was, I am;' 'time shall be no longer;' 'there was no place found;' answer exactly to Locke's definition above, and prove that there is no division in eternity or infinite space. Tho

dispute about fore-knowledge and free-will might be settled by viewing the subject in this light. If there be no succession in the existence of God, if the past and future be equally present; He sees the whole course of our lives at once, as clearly as any particular moment which we now call present, without influencing our actions more at one point of time than at another. The infinite divisibility of matter too may be denied, on the ground that what admits of division or multiplication, cannot be infinite.

" I have observed another inaccuracy in Mr. Locke, as spots are most visible on the whitest substance.

" He defines knowledge to be ' the perception of the agreement or disagreement of any of our ideas.' So far well: but to be sure that it is real knowledge, he says, ' we must be sure those ideas agree with the reality of things.' This is also true; but as we have no perception of things but by means of sensation, and we have often, on a closer inspection, discovered that our senses have deceived us, how can we know that they do not always deceive us? If we cannot know this, we cannot be sure that our ideas agree with the

reality of things, consequently cannot attain to any real knowledge during this life. We can only believe testimony which upon experience we have reason to think true, and can be said absolutely to *know* nothing but what GOD has been pleased to reveal. If it be asked, how we know that He has revealed any thing to us; the answer is, we can only *believe* it: but on examining the testimony, we find there is full as good proof that we have revelations from GOD Himself in the Scriptures, as that any object of sensation is what it appears to be. If therefore we grant our assent to the one, why refuse it to the other? And having once established that we have revelations from GOD Himself in the Scriptures, it follows, that what is so revealed must be true; and that from thence we may reap real knowledge. Whatever else we call knowledge, is either mere conjecture, or derived through some channel or other from revelation. Of this I am the more convinced by observing ideas current amongst men, which it seems impossible they should originally form. Such is the idea of a GOD, of infinity, and eternity; for notwithstanding the boasted powers of human

reason, and the light of nature*,—since I find them incapable of discovering the essence of the most familiar object, or of taking *the first step* in any science, I have great reason to doubt their power of discovering the being of God; and infinity and eternity never coming within their perception, I am persuaded men never could form such ideas. Therefore if they were led by the contemplation of nature to conjecture there must be some cause of all the wonders it presents, they would still seek for some cause of that cause, and merely be lost in endless speculations. If it be objected, that some of the ancient philosophers had the idea of infinity, and that the existence of a God is believed by most nations: I answer, it was not human reason made those discoveries; if it were, why have not all nations equal lights, all having the same guide? On the contrary, I have no doubt that whatever vague ideas of Deity are found in any country, might, if we knew the exact history of its inhabitants, be traced to the original revelation to Adam, to Noah, &c. preserved or corrupted by tradition. This has been done in a

* "I wish to ask what Mr. Locke means by the light of nature, when he has proved that we have no innate ideas?"

great measure with respect to some of the Indian nations, by Sir William Jones and others; and it still remains a fine field for future research. If we examine those nations of antiquity which had the most nearly adequate ideas of the Deity, we shall find them to be those which were favoured with the most frequent revelations. The Jews clearly stand foremost in both these respects; and why should they, who were never thought superior to the Greeks in abilities, be supposed capable of more sublime ideas, unless they received them from revelation? Why should some of the Greek philosophers come so much nearer the truth than others of not inferior capacities, but that, besides the vulgar belief of their country, (the corruption of original revelation,) they received instruction from some of the Jews, or from the study of the Sybilline Oracles, and the verses of Orpheus? If, on the contrary, we look at those nations furthest removed in time and place from the centre of dispersion, as the savages of America, Africa, &c. those particularly, who, having had the least commerce with the rest of the world, come nearest to our ideas of nature; we find that their reason, though unwarped by the prejudices of education,

far from leading them to superior knowledge, and a more intimate acquaintance with God and his works than is to be met with in civilized society, has left them but one degree above the brutes they associate with. Original revelation, not only of the existence of a God, but of all arts and sciences, except perhaps those most immediately necessary to existence, being in some entirely worn out, in others so mutilated and defaced as scarcely to be recognized;—in the midst of this darkness no genius starts up with the discovery of abstract truth; there does not seem even to be any progress in improvement; for the accounts of some of them at this day agree exactly with what was written of them ages ago. If then man were originally created in the savage state, how came the improvements we observe amongst ourselves, since when reduced again to that state, we see him incapable of taking the first step towards getting out of it? I think this is the fair way of stating the parallel between human reason and divine revelation; for though all knowledge would still come from God, if He made man capable of discovering it, it seems to me plain that He has *not* done so; and therefore we should do well to apply

to his word for instruction in the first place, as being the only fountain of real knowledge."

The family had resided five years at Coniston, and had enjoyed very good health. ELIZABETH was particularly fond of the place, and the air seemed to agree with her better than any other. The beauty of the surrounding scenery, her enthusiastic admiration of such magnificent and sublime views as that country affords, and her taste for drawing, certainly led her to trust too much to the strength of her excellent constitution, and to use more exercise than was good for her; but it did not appear to disagree with her, and I do not know that there was any cause of alarm in regard to her health, till the fatal evening in July 1805, which is mentioned by Mrs. SMITH in a letter to Dr. RANDOLPH, to which I refer the reader*. It was on the 17th of October 1805, that Miss SMITH arrived at Bath in the sad state which that letter describes. What *I* felt at this meeting may be easily imagined. During the few days which she spent with me, the skill of Dr. GIBBES, and the care of

* Sse Appendix. Letter III.

the tenderest of parents, appeared to be attended with all the benefit we could expect. She had lost her voice, as well as the use of her limbs; but she enjoyed society, and expressed particular pleasure in meeting Mr. De Luc, who spent some hours with us. When she was able to be removed to the house of her kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, in Somerset-place, I went to Clifton, where a dangerous illness detained me, till my extreme anxiety to see Miss Smith before she left Bath, determined me to return on the 21st of December. My dear friend came to me the next morning, and appeared so much better in every respect, that I was led to cherish hopes which lessened the pain of our approaching parting. She could then converse with ease and pleasure, and walk without difficulty; and the last hours which I was ever to enjoy with her in this world, were some of the most delightful that I ever spent. She anxiously wished to be removed to Sunbury to see her amiable sister before her marriage; and after sleeping one night at my house, she set out for that place with Mrs. Smith, and I saw her no more.

A letter written immediately after her removal from Bath, to her kind friend Mrs. Claxton,

shews how much better she was at that time, and that she was able to resume some of her favourite pursuits.

" TO MRS. CLAXTON.

" *Sunbury, Dec.* 28, 1805

" Dear Madam,

" HAVING no excuse of illness for employing an amanuensis, I take the pen myself to thank you for all your goodness to me, of which I assure you I shall always retain a grateful sense. The good effects of your nursing now appear. I was certainly somewhat fatigued with the journey, and for the first two days after I arrived, was but indifferent; but yesterday and to-day I am astonishingly well, have learnt to sleep, and cough but little. I have been thus particular in the account of myself, because, from the kind interest you and Mr. CLAXTON take in my welfare, I know you would wish it.

" I am very busy tracing the situation of Troy, in Mr. Gell's book, and am very well satisfied with it. Yesterday we took an airing to Hamp-

ton-Court and Twickenham. The day was delightful, and the air seemed to give me new life.

"KITTY returns her best thanks for all your good wishes, and hopes to make her acknowledgments more fully in person. You have perhaps heard that she is to be married on Wednesday, and go to ——————————

"With grateful and affectionate respects to Mr. CLAXTON, I remain, dear Madam,

"Your ever obliged, &c. E. SMITH."

For some time after she arrived at Sir JOHN LEGARD'S at Sunbury, ELIZABETH was able to enjoy the agreeable society which that house affords, to walk out a little, and to take constant exercise in a carriage; but these favourable appearances did not continue long. I had a letter in which she hinted at the dangerous state in which she evidently thought she was; and an extract from one written to her beloved sister speaks the same language with regard to her health.

"*March 28th.*

"I WANT you, my KITTY, to be as composed on this subject, as I am myself. You must not be

frightened when you hear I am worse, nor because it is said that I am better, suppose that I am to be immediately well; for both mean nothing, and perhaps last but a few hours. I have myself a decided opinion of the probability of the event, and I see no kindness in feeding you with false hopes. I wish you to be prepared for what *you*, though not *I*, would call *the worst*. I do not mean that there are any symptoms to cause immediate alarm, but the constitution seems to be wearing out; that, however, *may* be restored by the warm air of the spring and summer. Assure Mr. ALLAN of my esteem and regard, and tell him I shall never forget his kind attentions to me, &c.

To her friend Mrs. WILMOT she writes thus:

"*Coniston, July* 4, 1806.

"I AM sure, my dear Mrs. WILMOT has not attributed to unkindness or neglect, or any of those *impossible* things, my keeping unanswered a most kind letter of hers, from January to July. The case is this. I thought you heard enough of me while my Mother was at Bath. After she came to

Sunbury, we were always *going*, and I was never well enough, or quiet enough, to write to you as I liked; besides, I thought I should write from Matlock, where I should fancy that you were present, and that I was talking to you. Often, indeed, did we talk of you, and wish for you there; but there again there was no quiet, and I never felt equal to writing or doing any thing. In short I have never had a pen in my hand from the time I left Sunbury, till now; and now if my Father were not going to-morrow, I should put off writing, in hopes of being more able to say something to you some other day. This, however, I can say to-day, or any day—that though my strength has failed, my memory and affections have not; and that while they remain, you will ever hold your place in the one, and your share in the other. I am much concerned at the accounts which I hear of you.——It is very tedious to suffer so long; but we shall all be better soon.

"As to myself, of whom I know you will wish to hear something, I do very well when the sun shines, and the wind is in the south: I seem then to inhale new life at every pore; but if a northern blast spring up, (my original enemy,) I seem to

shrink and wither like a blighted leaf. To avoid this enemy, I am obliged to keep the house, which is not at all favourable to a recovery. I have been as ill, I think, since I came home, as I have ever been; but better the last few days, which have been fine ones. My Mother is all kindness and attention to me, and TURPIN is the best nurse in the world; but all this care will turn to no account, unless the summer should happen to be a fine one. I am perfectly easy as to the event, and only wish I were not so troublesome to others.——You would love LOUIS, if you knew how thoughtful and attentive he has been to me. He will be a great loss to me, and to my Mother a still greater; for he is her constant companion, and a very entertaining one. My Mother desires me to say every thing that is kind for her; but indeed I have so much to say for myself, and am so totally incapable of saying it, that I must leave you to fill up the blank with what you know of us both, not forgetting that Mrs. BATEMAN is always to have her full share. Your ever affectionate &c."

From the time that Mrs. SMITH left Bath, which was about the end of March, the accounts

which I received in all her letters, most strongly painted the anguish which her too tender heart felt, while watching the gradual approach of the dreaded event which *she* had from the first considered as inevitable. On the 9th of July, Capt. SMITH and his youngest son LOUIS spent some hours with me in their way to Plymouth, and brought me a letter from ELIZABETH, of which the following is an extract. It is the last that I ever received from that dear hand!

"HAVING determined to send a few lines by my father to my best of friends, before your kind and most welcome letter arrived, I am not now disobeying your commands by writing, but fulfilling my own previous intention. I can never thank you enough for all the kind interest you take in me and my health. I wish my friends were as composed about it as I am; for, thanks to you and your ever dear and respected mother, I have learnt to look on life and death with an equal eye, and, knowing where my hope is fixed, to receive every dispensation of Providence with gratitude, as intended for my ultimate good. The only wish I ever form, and even that I check, is that my illness

might be more severe, so it might be shortened; that I might not keep my father and mother so long in suspense with regard to all their plans, and occasion so much trouble and anxiety to my friends. —I should like to say much to you on this subject, but I am pressed for time, and as you may see, I do not make a very good hand of writing.—You enquire how the change of weather affected me: As much as you can possibly suppose. During the hot weather I really thought I should get rid of the cough; but with the cold every symptom returned as strong as ever. Yesterday and to-day have been warm and pleasant: I get into the tent where I now am, and *revive*. We shall indeed lose a great comfort when Louis goes. He has been most kindly attentive to me, &c. &c."

In my answer to this letter I did not attempt to deceive my friend; I knew her too well to think it necessary or right to do so. I wrote as to a *Christian* on the verge of eternity, and whose whole life, as her mother justly observes, had been a preparation for death. I received her thanks for my letter, in a most kind message conveyed to me by Mrs. Smith, who spoke in every letter of in-

creasing illness,—till in one which she kindly addressed to my friend Mrs. DAVIES, she said, "this morning the angel spirit fled!"

At Hawkshead, where she was interred, a small Tablet of White Marble is erected to her memory, on which are inscribed the following words—

In Memory of
ELIZABETH,
Eldest daughter of GEORGE SMITH,
of Coniston, Esq.
She died August 7, 1806, aged 29.
She possessed great Talents,
Exalted Virtues,
And humble Piety.

APPENDIX.

LETTERS

From Mrs. SMITH *to the Rev. Dr.* RANDOLPH, *written after the Death of Miss* SMITH.

LETTER I.

"*Coniston*, 1807.

"I AM gratified, my dear Sir, in complying with your wish, because the request proves that the esteem which you professed for my beloved daughter's character, is not buried with her in the grave; and because it justifies me to myself for dwelling so much on a subject on which I have a melancholy pleasure in reflecting. I shall repress the feelings and partiality of a parent, and merely state a few simple facts, connected with the progress of her mind.

"ELIZABETH was born at Burnhall, in the county of Durham, in December 1776. At a very early age she discovered that love of reading, and that close application to whatever she engaged in, which marked her character through life. She was accustomed, when only three years old, to

leave an elder brother and younger sister to play and amuse themselves, while she eagerly seized on such books as a nursery library commonly affords, and made herself mistress of their contents. At four years of age she read extremely well. What in others is usually the effect of education and habit, seemed born with her; from a very babe the utmost regularity was observable in all her actions; whatever she did was *well done*, and with an apparent reflection far beyond her years. I mention these minute circumstances, because I know that whatever pourtrays her character will interest the friend for whose perusal I write.

"In the beginning of 1782, we removed into a distant county, at the earnest intreaty of a blind relation; and in the following year, my attendance on him becoming so necessary as daily to engage several hours, at his request I was induced to take a young lady, whom he wished to serve in consequence of her family having experienced some severe misfortunes. This lady was then scarcely sixteen, and I expected merely to have found a companion for my children during my absence; but her abilities exceeded her years, and she became their governess during our stay in

Suffolk, which was about 18 months. On the death of my relation in 1784, we returned to Burnhall, and remained there till June in the following year, when we removed to Piercefield. In the course of the preceding winter ELIZABETH had made an uncommon progress in music. From the time of our quitting Suffolk, till the spring of 1786, my children had no instruction except from myself; but their former governess then returned to me, and continued in the family three years longer. By her the children were instructed in French, and in the little Italian which she herself then understood. I mention these particulars to prove how very little instruction in languages my daughter received, and that the knowledge she afterwards acquired of them was the effect of her own unassisted study.

"It frequently happens that circumstances apparently trifling determine our character, and sometimes even our fate in life. I always thought that ELIZABETH was first induced to apply herself to the study of the learned languages, by accidentally hearing that the late Mrs. BOWDLER acquired some knowledge of Hebrew and Greek, purposely to read the Holy Scriptures in the original language. In the summer of 1789, this most ex-

cellent woman, with her youngest daughter, spent a month at Piercefield, and I have reason to hail it as one of the happiest months of my life. From that period to the hour of her death, I had in Mrs. Bowdler the steadiest, the most affectionate of friends; a friend who had *at heart* not only the temporal, but the eternal happiness of myself and family; and who, in proportion as summer friends flew off, became yet more attached to me.———

" From the above-mentioned visit I date the turn of study which Elizabeth ever after pursued, and which, I firmly believe, the amiable conduct of our guests first led her to delight in. Those who knew the late Mrs. Bowdler, could not withhold from her their love and reverence. With young persons she had a manner peculiar to herself, which never failed to secure their affections, at the moment she conveyed to their minds the most important instructions. The Word of God was her chief study and delight, and she always endeavoured to make it so to others. The uncommon strength of her understanding, and the clearness with which she explained the most abstruse subjects, ensured her the admiration and respect of all

who heard her; and none listened with more attention than ELIZABETH, on whose young mind every good and amiable principle was afterwards strongly impressed by Mrs. H. BOWDLER. My daughter was then only twelve years old: but her superior talents and turn of mind gained the valuable affection of her much older friend, who never lost an opportunity of improving the former and of forming the latter. As a proof of the correctness of this assertion, I send you a letter written by Mrs. H. BOWDLER to my daughter on her being confirmed, and which I have reason to believe made all the impression my excellent friend intended, and was ever afterwards the standard by which she formed her character.

"I am, dear Sir, &c."

MRS. H. BOWDLER TO MISS SMITH.

[*Sent to Dr.* RANDOLPH *with the preceding Letter.*]

"My dear Friend, *Dec.* 1791.

"YOU are now entering on what appears to me the most important period of life, and let me hope that my anxiety for your happiness, and the tender

affection which I feel for you, will plead my excuse for troubling you with a few observations upon it. In childhood, our actions are under the controul of others, and we are scarcely answerable for them; but from the period when we renew our baptismal vow in Confirmation, and solemnly dedicate ourselves to the service of our Creator and Redeemer by receiving the Holy Eucharist, we must be considered as thinking and acting for ourselves; though still subject to the commands, and happy in the advice, of our parents. You have, I presume, been sufficiently instructed in all the necessary articles of faith; but I know you think *deeply* on all subjects, and if you feel any doubts, or see any difficulties, in the Christian religion, this is the time when you should endeavour to satisfy yourself with regard to them; and perhaps my library might afford you that satisfaction, if you would indulge me with your confidence, and mention them to me. The necessary articles of faith appear to me few and simple, and rather addressed to the heart than the head. The Gospel was preached to the poor and ignorant, as well as to the learned; and the seed sprung up and bore fruit, whenever it fell *on good ground*. But those who have abilities and

opportunity should spare no pains to examine the evidences which have convinced some of the wisest men that ever lived, of the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures; and such an examination is particularly necessary in the present times. When we are convinced that the Bible is the word of God, and the rule of our faith and practice, nothing remains but to listen with reverence and devotion to the divine instruction it contains, and to believe on the authority of God, what our weak reason could never have discovered, nor can fully comprehend. The humble, pious, and virtuous mind, which willingly accepts the gracious promises of the Gospel, and is fully resolved to practise the duties it enjoins, will seldom be disturbed by those objections to its doctrines which have been often answered to the satisfaction of the best and wisest men. The Christian religion is so suited to a feeling heart, that I think we can want no arguments for its truth, except those which are drawn from its evident tendency to make us virtuous and happy. To love the God who created and redeemed us; to express our gratitude for infinite obligations, by the sincere though imperfect service of a few years; to cast all our care on Him who careth for

us; and, secure in his protection, to banish every gloomy apprehension which might disturb our peace;—this surely must appear an easy task to those who know and feel the pleasure of even an *earthly* friendship: but when we add to this the certainty that our endeavours to please will be not only accepted, but rewarded; when every Christian can say, 'after a few years, perhaps after a few hours, I shall, if it is not my own fault, be happy, perfectly happy to all eternity;' surely, with such encouragements, and such hopes, no temptation should have power to draw us from our duty. Yet when we look into the world, when we see how little influence these principles have in society, and how seldom they guard the heart against the allurements of pleasure, or support it under the pressure of affliction; it must be evident to every thinking mind, that very great and constant care is necessary to preserve through life those good resolutions, which I believe most people form when they enter into it. For this purpose allow me to recommend *constant devotion.* A few minutes spent every morning and evening in this duty will be the best preservative against the temptations to which we must be exposed; but in order to make it

really useful, it should be accompanied with self-examination, and it should be followed by such an habitual sense of the presence of God as may influence our conduct in every part of our life. In our gayest as well as in our gravest moments; in our studies, and our pleasures; in the tender intercourse of friendship, in the sprightly sallies of a conversation which seems only intended for amusement; still we should be able to turn our thoughts with heartfelt satisfaction to that tender Parent to whom we owe all our guiltless pleasures. 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' The business in which we cannot ask his protection and assistance, cannot be an innocent pursuit; the amusement for which we dare not thank Him, cannot be an innocent pleasure. This rule strongly impressed on the mind, and applied to every circumstance in life, will be a constant guard over virtue in all situations, and a constant check to every thought as well as action which is contrary to our duty.—— Such, I think, should be the piety of a true Christian, and such piety will undoubtedly afford the highest pleasures we are capable of feeling in this world, while it guards that virtue which will secure our happiness

in the next. But to entitle ourselves to this intercourse with our God, we must carefully and constantly attend to the state of our souls, by frequent and diligent self-examination. As this appears to me a point of great importance at all times, and particularly as preparatory to receiving the Holy Sacrament, allow me to explain more fully what I took the liberty of saying when we conversed on this subject.

" At our entrance into life, (by which I mean the period which follows the total dependence of childhood,) it is necessary to obtain a just idea of our own character, and of our particular duties. Nobody is so perfect as not to have a *tendency* to some fault. Pride, passion, fretfulness, obstinacy, indolence, and many other failings, are perhaps born with us; and whoever has not discovered one or more of these in his heart, certainly does not know himself. Let us then, as the first step towards wisdom and virtue, carefully study our own character, and determine where our principal danger lies; and remember, as my beloved Sister observes, that 'he who has discovered a fault in his character, and entreated God's assistance to conquer it, has engaged Omnipotence on his side.'

"The next point to be considered is our particular situation, and the duties it requires. It is vain to suppose we could do better in different circumstances, or to think that our imaginary merits will cover our real faults; we are not to choose our own part in life, but to act properly that which is assigned to us. What are my particular duties? How can I best serve God? How can I most contribute to the happiness of those with whom I am connected? How can I employ my time and my talents to the best advantage? What are the errors into which I am most likely to fall? Do I hurt those whom I am most bound to please, by pride, peevishness, or contempt; or do I make them happy by constant kindness, gentleness, and long-suffering? These are questions which every human being should ask his own heart, and which only his own heart can answer. From an examination of this kind, I should wish every one who really aims at Christian perfection to make out in writing a plan of life suited to his particular situation and character, and resolutely determine to act up to it. This requires time and reflection; but this once done, our task will be much easier afterwards. A few minutes every night should be spent

in considering how far we have conformed to that plan through the day, which I think is most easily discovered by considering how the day has been spent; for every thing, be it ever so trifling, if it is to be done at all, may be done *well* or *ill*.—Did I attend to my devotions in the morning? Have I done good, or contributed to the happiness of others? or have I given pain to any human being by unkindness? Have I been surprised by those faults, whatever they are, which I have most reason to dread; or have I carefully avoided them?—Such questions constantly asked, and impartially answered, will prevent our acquiring wrong habits; and nothing is *unconquerable*, which is not *habitual*. Bishop Andrews says, sleep is so like death, that I dare not venture on it without prayer; and I think it would be well if we considered it in that light, and made our peace with God at the end of every day, as if it were the last we should enjoy. I am sure the habit of doing this would greatly lessen the horrors of that awful period, when we must make up our accounts, however painful it may be to us. When habit has made this easy, little more will be necessary to guard us against that self-deceit which is our

most dangerous enemy; but at stated times, as at the beginning of every year, and when we intend to receive the Sacrament, it will be useful to take a general review of our past life, and compare it with the plan we had determined to pursue, in order to see how far we have kept the good resolutions we had formed, and in what respect it is most necessary to guard our future conduct.

" Perhaps, my dear young friend, I have said nothing which your own good sense would not point out to you much better than I am capable of doing it, and I have taken a liberty for which I can only plead the advantage which very moderate talents *must* gain from experience. I have lived longer in the world than you, and have felt the ill effects of many errors which I hope you will avoid; but I have also sometimes felt the good effects of those principles, and that line of conduct, which I wish to recommend to you, and in which I trust Providence will guide you to eternal happiness, &c. &c."

LETTER II.

MRS. SMITH TO THE REV. DR. RANDOLPH.

"At the age of thirteen, ELIZABETH became a sort of governess to her younger sisters, for I then parted with the only one I ever had; and from that time the progress she made in acquiring languages, both ancient and modern, was most rapid.—This degree of information, so unusual in a woman, occasioned no confusion in her well-regulated mind. She was a living library, but locked up except to a chosen few. Her talents were 'like bales unopened to the sun;' and, from a want of communication, were not as beneficial to others as they might have been; for her dread of being called a learned lady, caused such an excess of modest reserve, as perhaps formed the greatest defect in her character. But I will go back to the period of which I was speaking.

"When ELIZABETH was fifteen years old, we were reading Warrington's History of Wales, in which he mentions the death of Llewellyn-ap-Gryffyd, as happening on the banks of the Wye at a place which he calls Builit, and its having been

occasioned by his being pierced with a spear, as he attempted to make his escape through a grove. We amused ourselves by supposing that Llewellyn's death must have happened in our grove, where two large stones were erected (as we chose to imagine) to commemorate that event; and that the adjoining grounds were from thenceforth called Piercefield. This conversation gave rise to a poem, of which Mrs. H. Bowdler has a copy, with other papers on the same subject, for a sight of which I refer you to her.

"When a reverse of fortune drove us from Piercefield, my daughter had just entered her seventeenth year, an age at which she might have been supposed to have lamented deeply many consequent privations. Of the firmness of her mind on that occasion, no one can judge better than yourself; for you had an opportunity to observe it, when immediately after the blow was struck, you offered, from motives of generous friendship, to undertake a charge which no pecuniary considerations could induce you to accept a few months before. I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her, or the least expression of regret at what she had lost; on the contrary,

she always appeared contented; and particularly after our fixing at Coniston, it seemed as if the place and mode of life were such as she preferred, and in which she was most happy.

"I pass over in silence a time in which we had no home of our own, and when, from the deranged state of our affairs, we were indebted for one to the kindness and generosity of a friend*; nor do I speak of the time spent in Ireland, when following the regiment with my husband, because the want of a settled abode interrupted those studies in which my daughter most delighted. Books are not light of carriage, and the blow which deprived us of Piercefield, deprived us of a library also. But though this period of her life afforded little opportunity for improvement in science, the qualities of her heart never appeared in a more amiable light. Through all the inconveniences which attended our situation while living in barracks, the firmness and cheerful resignation of her mind, at the age of nineteen, made me blush for the tear which too frequently trembled in my eye, at the recollection of all the comforts we had lost.

* Mrs. Morgan, now Mrs. George Smith.

« In October, 1800, we left Ireland, and determined on seeking out some retired situation in England; in the hope that by strict œconomy, and with the blessing of cheerful, contented minds, we might yet find something like comfort; which the frequent change of quarters with four children, and the then insecure state of Ireland, made it impossible to feel, notwithstanding the kind and generous attention we invariably received from the hospitable inhabitants of that country.—We passed the winter in a cottage on the banks of the Lake of Ulswater, and continued there till the May following, when we removed to our present residence at Coniston. This country had many charms for ELIZABETH. She drew correctly from nature, and her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful often carried her beyond the bounds of prudent precaution with regard to her health. Frequently in the summer she was out during twelve or fourteen hours, and in that time walked many miles. When she returned at night she was always more cheerful than usual; never said she was fatigued, and seldom appeared so. It is astonishing how she found time for all she acquired, and all she accomplished. Nothing was

neglected; there was a scrupulous attention to all the minutiæ of her sex; for her well-regulated mind, far from despising them, considered them as a part of that system of perfection at which she aimed; an aim which was not the result of vanity, nor to attract the applause of the world; no human being ever sought it less, or was more entirely free from conceit of every kind. The approbation of God and of her own conscience were the only rewards she ever sought; but her own words declare this truth much more forcibly than I can, in a paper which is now in Mrs. H. Bowdler's possession.

" Her translation from the Book of Job was finished in 1803. During the two last years of her life, she was engaged in translating from the German some letters and papers, written by Mr. and Mrs. Klopstock. Amongst her papers I found a letter from Mrs. H. Bowdler on this subject, dated Middlehill, near Bath, March, 1805, in which she says, ' my endeavours to obtain a clear account of the new edition of Klopstock's Works have been unsuccessful, but I still hope that I shall very soon know whether it contains any thing new, or worth sending to you. In the mean time, if

you are not tired, let me have every thing written by Mrs. Klopstock. We can determine on nothing till we have got *all* our treasures.' The rest of this letter does not particularly relate to my daughter, but I cannot forbear copying it, for a reason that will be obvious to *you*. 'Miss HUNT and I wished for a little country air, and perfect quiet. We are in a lovely spot; not possessing the sublime beauties of your country, but the prettiest, cheerful scene imaginable; ornamented with little neat cottages, fields covered with lambs, fine trees, and the whole beautifully varied with hill and dale. To me it has still greater charms, as it is my native country, the scene of my early happiness:

'Where erst my careless childhood stray'd,
'A stranger yet to pain!

My *first* house is always before my eyes, and my *last* is so near, that I can listen to the bell which tolled for those who were most dear to me on earth, and visit the humble tomb where I hope to rest with them. Do you remember how often, during the last few weeks of her life, and after her faculties were much weakened by illness, my

dearest Mother used to say to herself, 'Verily there is a reward for the righteous?' We have placed these words on the stone which covers a vault, in which a little space remains for me. God grant that I may have reason to repeat them in my last moments with the faith and hope that animated her sweet countenance!——Near forty years have elapsed since my parents quitted their residence in this country, but it is very pleasing to witness the gratitude with which they are still remembered. I talk to the poor grey-headed peasants, and delight to hear them say, 'The Squire and Madam were *very good*.' Whatever those may think who have *only* titles or wealth to boast of, the *good* are remembered longer than the *great*; and the name which I inherit from my Father still conciliates more good-will in this little spot than any in the Peerage. Indeed it is so easy to be beloved, it costs so little money or trouble, and it pays such rich interest, that I wonder more attention is not bestowed on it*.'

* Some apology may perhaps be required from the Editor, for not omitting the little tribute of filial affection, which Mrs. Smith had inserted in a letter written to a friend of *both* families. To those who have equal

" For the translations from Klopstock, and from the Hebrew Bible, as well as for many other writings both in verse and prose, I refer you to Mrs. H. Bowdler.

" I am, dear Sir, &c. &c."

LETTER III.

MRS. SMITH TO THE REV. DR. RANDOLPH.

" Dear Sir,

" In compliance with your request, I will now endeavour to trace the progress of the fatal disease which deprived me of my beloved child, to the last closing scene. In the summer of the year 1805, Elizabeth was seized with a cold, which termi-

reason to be proud of their parents, the writer of this note ventures to appeal on this occasion; and by them she hopes to be forgiven. In her answer to this letter, Miss Smith says, " Your inscription on the stone pleases me exceedingly. The words are in *every* sense appropriate. No one could witness the latter days of that holy life, without feeling a perfect conviction of their truth."

nated in her death; and I wish the cause was more generally known, as a caution to those whose studious turn of mind may lead them into the same error. I will give the account as she herself related it, a very short time before she died, to a faithful and affectionate servant who first came into the family when my daughter was only six weeks old.

" ' One very hot evening in July, I took a book, and walked about two miles from home, where I seated myself on a stone beside the Lake. Being much engaged by a poem I was reading, I did not perceive that the sun was gone down, and was succeeded by a very heavy dew; till in a moment I felt struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife, I returned home, but said nothing of the pain. The next day being also very hot, and every one busy in the hay-field, I thought I would take a rake, and work very hard, to produce perspiration, in the hope that it might remove the pain, but it did not.'

" From that time, a bad cough, with occasional loss of voice, gave me great apprehension of what might be the consequence if the cause were not removed; but no intreaties could prevail on her to take the proper remedies, or to refrain from

her usual walks. This she persisted in, being sometimes better and then a little worse, till the beginning of October.—I had long been engaged to spend the winter with a most dear and interesting friend at Bath, and my three daughters had accepted a kind invitation to pass that time at Sunbury. ELIZABETH had, previous to her illness, offered to accompany me to Bath, in order first to make a visit to Mr. and Mrs. CLAXTON, in the hope that she might possibly beguile some of the painful hours which that worthy man constantly, though so patiently, endures: at least she thought that she might afford some little comfort to Mrs. CLAXTON. To these friends we were bound, by every tie of gratitude and affection, to offer every consolation in our power. Their hearts were ever open to our griefs: their house always offered shelter and protection from the various evils which assailed us. To my third son they have proved themselves, if possible, more than parents.

" A few days before we were to set out from Coniston, my daughter became so rapidly worse, that I doubted the possibility of her bearing the journey, at the same time I was most anxious to remove her to a milder climate, and within reach

of medical assistance. When we reached Kendal, I insisted on taking the advice of a physician, as to the propriety of continuing our journey, and I received his directions for proceeding as fast as she could bear without inconvenience; her pulse, he said, indicated considerable inflammation, and a warmer climate would be very desirable. She bore travelling much better than I could have expected, making no complaint, but of pain in her legs, till we reached Glocester, when I was astonished to find that she had lost all use of them. The next morning her voice too was gone; and in this sad state, unable to speak or to stand, she was carried to the house of our beloved friend in Park-street. From this deplorable condition she was soon relieved by the skill and attention of Dr. GIBBES, and we had sanguine expectations of her being restored to health. As soon as she had recovered the power of walking, she was removed to Somerset-Place; but instead of a comfort, she became an additional cause of anxiety to Mr. and Mrs. CLAXTON. Friends less tenderly attentive, or less uniformly attached, would have shrunk from the charge of receiving her, instead of pressing the performance of her promise. I saw her daily, and

had the joy of seeing her gradually amend. After continuing six weeks in Somerset-place, she was anxious to see her beloved sister before her marriage; and with Dr. GIBBES's approbation, she accompanied me to Sunbury. Her delicate state of health was well known to Sir JOHN LEGARD, but he most kindly urged her removal to his house, thinking that the society of her sisters, and the change of air, might be beneficial. In this conjecture he was right, and I left her, at the end of ten days much better; although the marriage of her sister had greatly agitated her spirits, as occasioning a separation from the favourite of her heart.

"I returned to the friend whom I had left ill at Bath, and continued to receive the most flattering accounts of ELIZABETH'S health, not only from herself, but from many who observed the delightful change. In one of my letters to her, I asked if she thought she should be better in any other place, or if she could point out any situation in which she would feel herself more comfortable. In her answer she said, 'I know no place in which I can be better, or any that I should like half so well. The kindness and attention of Sir J. and Lady

LEGARD cannot be exceeded. I am left at perfect liberty to do as I like, and you know how pleasant it is to me to listen to the conversation of two or three very sensible men, without being obliged to take any part in it.'——On the 6th of March my beloved friend Lady **** expired. A few days before that event I had a letter from my daughter to tell me that as she had some symptoms of returning inflammation, she had been bled, but more as a preventive, than from any necessity. On the 23d I arrived at Sunbury, just as she was going out in a carriage with Lady LEGARD. I had indulged the pleasing expectation of seeing her materially better, and was therefore thunderstruck at the first sight of her, for I instantly thought I discovered confirmed decline in her countenance. On my expressing to my friends my surprise, they told me she had been greatly better, that the change I perceived had only taken place a few days before, and might be ascribed to the long continuance of a cold east wind. I wrote the next day to Dr. BAILLIE, and fixed a time for meeting him in London. After seeing her, the Doctor candidly told me it was a very bad case; that he would try a medicine which sometimes had proved very

beneficial, but owned that he had little expectation of its succeeding with her, and desired to see her again in ten days, which he accordingly did. He then said he would not trouble her with more medicine; and on my intreating him to tell me exactly what plan he would wish to be pursued, without at all considering my situation; he replied, 'In the month of May she may go where she likes, but early in September you had better go to Flushing in Cornwall; unless she should be very much better than I own I expect, and in that case I would recommend your going to the Madeiras; but to send you there, with my present opinion of the case, would only be aggravating your sorrow, by removing you from your country and your friends.' To Clifton ELIZABETH always expressed a particular dislike, saying that she was sure the want of shade would kill her; and as she shewed a decided preference to Coniston, it was determined that we should go thither. Sir J. LEGARD would not suffer us to depart till the weather became perfectly mild; indeed I must ever gratefully remember his uncommonly friendly attention. Though a constant invalid and sufferer himself, scarcely a day passed without his suggest-

ing something likely to contribute to my daughter's ease and comfort: nor was Lady LEGARD less constant in her kind attentions.

"On the 6th of May we quitted the hospitable mansion of our friends at Sunbury, where my daughters had passed five months. Matlock water had been recommended by some people, and with Dr. BAILLIE'S approbation we determined to make some stay there. At that place ELIZABETH saw her father, after an absence of many months. The pleasure of meeting him, the novelty of the scene, and the remarkable fineness of the weather, seemed to give her increased strength and spirits; and the day after our arrival she walked so far, that I confessed myself tired; but this apparent amendment was soon over, and she relapsed into her former languid state, unable to walk to any distance, and only riding a little way, while some one walked beside her. We remained at Matlock near three weeks, but not perceiving that she gained any benefit, we set off for Coniston. Travelling always seemed to agree with her, and on the arrival at her favourite spot, I again perceived an alteration for the better, but it was only for a few days. I had a tent pitched as near the house as I

could, in which she sat the chief part of the day. When the weather permitted, she went out in an open carriage, and however languid she appeared, still the grandeur of the scenery never failed to call forth her admiration. One day, when we were sitting in the tent, and talking of the surrounding beauties, she asked me if that would not be a good situation for a new cottage*. I agreed that it would, but added, 'I can determine on nothing, till I see how the next winter in Cornwall agrees with you. Should your health be better there, we shall certainly sell this place, and settle in the south.' She answered with more than usual quickness, 'If I cannot live *here*, I am sure I can no where else.' This was the only thing she ever said to *me* which implied an expectation of approaching death. I understand that she wrote to some of her friends on the subject, and I find a letter from Mrs. H. Bowdler, which evidently alludes to something Elizabeth had written to her respecting her illness; for in it she says, 'You have long had a worse opinion of your state of

* A house is now built on the beautiful spot pointed out by Miss Smith, and in consequence of this conversation called Tent-Lodge.

health than I hope it deserves; but much attention *is* and *will* be necessary, and I depend on your promise of taking care of yourself. I felt little doubt that you were ready to leave a world, in which as yet you have not had much enjoyment, for one that is much better suited to such a mind as yours; but we cannot spare you yet. You will, I hope, find much to interest you in life: and though I may not live to see it, you may, some time or other, be surrounded with blessings, which may make amends for all past sorrows*.'——In another letter from the same friend, dated July 16, 1806, she says, 'When we ask to be relieved from our sufferings, we ask what our Heavenly Father often in mercy denies; but when we ask to be supported under them, we ask what we shall certainly obtain. May you experience this, dear child of my heart, under every trial; and may those who love you as I do, experience it too.'——No other part of this letter was preserved, which I the more regret, as I have since learnt that it was in answer to one which ELIZABETH had written to

* This was written at a very early period of Miss SMITH's illness; and when all her friends, except her mother, had hopes of her recovery.

prepare her friend for the event which soon afterwards took place. Her total silence to me, I fear, may be ascribed to her perceiving, in spite of all my endeavours to conceal it, that I had long been too apprehensive of her real state. No one seemed to think her so ill as I did. Indeed, the change was so gradual, that it was only by a comparison with the preceding week, that we were sensible of her having lost strength in the last. It was not till the Monday before her death that any material alteration appeared, and I know you are already informed, by a letter which I wrote to our mutual friend, of what passed during the last three days of her painful existence.

"I have now, my dear sir, complied with your request, with regard to my beloved daughter. Perhaps my desire of fulfilling your wish, may have led me into a tedious detail of little matters; and it is more than probable that the havoc which time and sorrow have made in my mind, may have occasioned my omitting some things of more importance. I do not attempt to draw any character of this inestimable being, because it was well known and understood by you; and the conduct of her whole life speaks much more in her praise

than could be expressed even by the partial pen of a Mother.

"I am, &c. &c."

LETTER IV.

FROM MRS. SMITH TO MRS. H. BOWDLER.

"*August*, 1806.

"THANK GOD, I can now with some composure sit down to thank my best and dearest friend for all her kind letters; but after such a loss, we must have time to weep, and time to dry our tears, before we can either receive or bestow comfort.——My neighbours have been kindly attentive to me, offering to come here, and begging me to go to them; but I have answered, that home and perfect quiet are all I can enjoy at present. GOD bless dear Mrs. DAVIES, for the kind enquiry of who would comfort me. She knows how to administer comfort, even when she most needs it herself. This I have experienced from her, and ever gratefully shall I feel it. But

God has comforted me, and the gratifying conviction that my angel is for ever happy, with the consciousness of having to the best of my abilities fulfilled my duty towards her, are consolations which I would not exchange for this world's wealth.

"I shall have a melancholy pleasure in complying with your request, and will begin where my last letter ended. Turpin slept in a room only separated from my beloved child by a boarded partition, and so close to her bed that she could hear her breathe. On Wednesday morning Turpin told me she was much the same, though the sweet sufferer herself said she was better. I went to her, as usual, the moment I was out of bed, and was struck with the change in her countenance. On feeling her pulse, I was persuaded she could not continue long. She told me she was better, and would get up. She did so, and was cheerful when she spoke, though it evidently increased her pain, and difficulty of breathing. When she coughed or moved, she seemed to be in agony. She took nourishment as usual, and on my asking what book I should read to her, she mentioned Thomson's Seasons. I read Winter. She made many observations, and entered entirely

into the subject. About three o'clock Mrs. Dixon called, having come with a party to see the Lake. Elizabeth said she should like to see her. Before she went up stairs, I requested she would feel the pulse, which I was persuaded indicated the termination of her sufferings before many hours. She entered into conversation cheerfully. Mrs. Dixon told me that she thought I was mistaken; that her pulse were not those of a dying person, and she was of opinion that she might last some time. So much were all deceived, who did not watch every turn of her countenance as I did! The apothecary came afterwards. He thought her in great danger, but could not say whether immediate or not. At nine she went to bed. I resolved to quit her no more, and went to prepare for the night. Turpin came to say that Elizabeth intreated I would not think of staying in her room; and added, 'she cannot bear you should do it, for she says you are yourself unwell, and rest is necessary for you.' Think of her sweet attention! I replied, 'On that one subject I am resolved; no power on earth shall keep me from her; so go to bed yourself.' Accordingly I returned to her room, and at ten

gave her the usual dose of laudanum. After a little time she fell into a doze, and I thought slept till past one. She then took some mint tea. Her breath was very bad, and she was uneasy and restless, but never complained; and on my wiping the cold sweat off her face, and bathing it with camphorated vinegar, which I did very often in the course of the night, she thanked me, smiled, and said, 'That is the greatest comfort I have.' She slept again for a short time; and at half past four asked for some chicken broth, which she took perfectly well. On being told the hour, she said, 'How long this night is!' She continued very uneasy, and in half an hour after, on my enquiring if I could move the pillow, or do any thing to relieve her, she replied, 'There is nothing for it but quiet;' I said no more, but thinking that she was dying, I sat upon the bed watching her.—At six she said, 'I must get up, and have some mint tea;' I then called for TURPIN, and felt my angel's pulse; they were fluttering, and I knew I should soon lose her. She took the tea well, TURPIN began to put on her clothes, and was proceeding to dress her, when she laid her head on the faithful creature's shoulder, became con-

vulsed in the face, spoke not, looked not, and in ten minutes expired.

"It did not appear that she thought her end was so very near; for only two days before, she told TURPIN the chaise was finished, and she should speak to me to have it home, for it would be better to go an airing in it, before we set out on the journey. I did not tell her my opinion of her state, because I might be mistaken, and I believed that her whole life had been one state of preparation for the awful change. Every paper I have found confirms this gratifying idea. On reflection, I have every thing to reconcile me to her loss, but my own selfish feelings; and having witnessed the sufferings of humanity in a beloved child,

"Though raised above
"The reach of human pain, above the flight
"Of human joys;—yet with a mingled ray
"Of sadly pleas'd remembrance, must I feel
"A mother's love, a mother's tender woe!"

"Be easy, my dearest friend, on the subject of my health; it is as good as usual, and I wonder myself at the state of my mind. I believe the

overlooking my ELIZABETH'S papers has administered more comfort to me than I could have received from any other source; for every line has strengthened my conviction that the dear writer of them must be happy. I regret her having destroyed many papers lately. Those remaining are chiefly religious and moral reflections, translations from the Bible, &c. I wish to send them to you, with some little trifle of her property for each of her dearest friends. You will value them as having been hers, and excuse the dotage of a parent who wishes her friends to remember the treasure she once possessed. Tell me that you and all whom I tenderly love are better. I need not name them. I have a thousand things to say to you, but it cannot be now. God for ever bless you, my dearest friend! Thank all those who so kindly feel for me."

LETTER V.

"*September* 1.

"MR. ALLAN very kindly desires me to set off directly for Edinburgh, thinking it necessary I should immediately quit a place in which I have

suffered so much; and I have a very kind letter from KITTY, which I have answered by saying that it is my intention to be with them on the 26th. I have also a most friendly invitation from Mrs. RICHARDSON; two or three of my neighbours have kindly made the same offer; but at present I like no place but this. I love to look at the seat on which my angel sat, at the bed on which she lay; in short, nothing consoles me but what reminds me of her. It is a sorrow which is soothing to my mind, and raises it above the petty griefs to which I have too often given way. Nature never bestowed on me her talents: habit never gave me the same application; but my beloved child has left me an example which I should glory in following, and I pray GOD that I may be enabled to do so!

"I had promised Mr. and Mrs. GREEN, that the first visit I made should be to them, provided they would assure me that I should see no one else. Whilst I was there, Mrs. G. was called out to a lady who was going on directly, and who had with her Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE COX; I begged to see her; but this unexpected meeting overset all my firmness, and she observed that

she had never seen me so cut down before. I answered that I had never before *lost so much.* 'No,' said she, 'nor any other human being.' You may imagine how grateful these words were to my heart. The dear woman stayed only a few minutes, and is gone to Edinburgh, where she will see our beloved KITTY. I have blotted my paper, but *you* will excuse it."

LETTER VI.

"*September* 8.

"ON the 5th I dispatched a little box for you. It contains all the papers, a small parcel, &c. You will observe in one of the memorandum-books a few words respecting the expenditure of the legacy left her by your excellent mother, which I am sure will please you*. I think I *did know* your sainted parent; and doing so, I felt a reverence and affection for her little short of

* 'Account of a legacy left me by that excellent and ever honoured Mrs. BOWDLER. May I spend every sixpence as she would advise me to do, if she were present!'

yours. When I consider her unvaried affection for me, I fear I am tempted to think better of myself than I ought.

"BEDFORD's sudden removal from this country has sensibly affected me, because I feel persuaded that I must not expect to see him more*. If it please GOD to preserve his life, it will probably be years before he returns; and (like you) I do not look far in this world, nor dare I look forward to any pleasing event. In five short months I witnessed two sad scenes of death, and the impression each made on my mind, can never be effaced.

"I can now again attend my own parish church, and I cannot tell you how gratifying it is to me; —I seem to meet my beloved ELIZABETH every Sunday. This idea occasions sensations that I would not exchange for any earthly treasure. They are not such as depress my spirits; quite otherwise. They excite my hope, increase my piety, and strengthen me to meet the trials of the ensuing week. Indeed I feel that she is dearer to me every day."

* The third son of Mrs. SMITH, who was then ordered to join the expedition under General CRAWFORD.

LETTER VII.

FROM MRS. GREEN TO MRS. H. BOWDLER.

"*September* 9, 1806.

"FEELING as I know you do for your beloved friend at Coniston, I think it will be a comfort to hear from one who has had much intimate conversation with her since the sad loss she has sustained. It is true that to you she has opened her whole heart, and you know all that passes there better than I can tell you; but it will interest you to hear of her looks and deportment from a friend who has seen her frequently, and who feels for her most sincerely. Yesterday evening we returned from Coniston, after passing two days there. Her firmness, her collected mind, exceed any thing I have seen, because I trace through it feelings the most acute.

"The instant we heard of what had happened, Mr. GREEN, impressed by the idea of her receiving the blow in a state of solitude, was inclined to go directly, but I convinced him that it was better to write first. I soon had a few lines, which afforded all the satisfaction we could expect to receive;

quiet, she said, was at first absolutely necessary, but it would be a comfort to see us when she could support the meeting. A worthy clergyman afforded all necessary assistance, and to him she gave directions as to all that was to be done. The last solemn ceremony took place early in the morning, and was conducted with perfect simplicity. It was over before we heard of it, otherwise Mr. GREEN and I should have been tempted, through respect for the living and the dead, to have attended. On Mr. GREEN'S account, however, I believe it was better omitted, though he says it would have been a satisfaction; but it might have been too much for his nerves, for they were so much affected by his first visit to Coniston, that it was several days before he recovered. Indeed it was an affecting visit. On that day three weeks we had seen your dear girl sitting under the same tent in a field overlooking the Lake, accompanied by her Father, Mother, and Sister; now we found her place empty, her Mother and Sister alone! It was not very long before Mrs. SMITH had the resolution to speak of her. She sought and found the highest consolation in dwelling on her virtues, and on the proofs she had found in

the writings she left behind, that she was well prepared to quit this world. Mrs. SMITH afterwards read to us the most kindly sympathising letter from THOS. WILKINSON that ever was written on such an occasion, with some verses to the memory of his favourite, so characteristic, and coming so truly from the heart, that neither Mr. GREEN nor I could restrain our tears. Mr. GREEN rejoices in having fitted up that show-box for you, and means to do an appropriate moon-light for it."

LETTER VIII.

FROM MRS. GREEN TO MRS. H. BOWDLER.

"MR. GREEN has been trying to do his promised moon-light in a way that may do some justice to his regard for you, and to the memory of the interesting person to whom it alludes; but he bids me tell you that, when most anxious to do his best, he seldom can please himself. He trusts however that you will be in some degree gratified by this token of his regard to you, and to the memory of one so justly dear to you, and so affectionately

valued by himself. He applied to me for some lines to write on the space he has left at the bottom of the frame, and was pleased with my suggestion of selecting a couplet from the verses written by THOS. WILKINSON. They came pure from the heart of one who truly appreciated her character, and tenderly lamented her loss*." &c.

I will here add the letter and poem mentioned by Mrs. GREEN. The author, THOS. WILKINSON, a Quaker, is well known and universally respected in the country where he resides; and Mrs. SMITH says of him, "He is one of the very few people who really knew my daughter, and he felt for her

* With this letter I received a beautiful landscape, with an urn sacred to the memory of my beloved friend, which is placed with her transparencies. This picture was one of the last efforts of Mr. GREEN's elegant pencil. That ingenious, amiable, and most excellent man died on the 10th of June, 1807. The lines to which Mrs. GREEN alludes are now indeed peculiarly appropriate, and they are placed on the picture:

"Long shall my care these sweet memorials save;
"The hand that traced them rests within the grave!'

character that esteem which the wise and good ever entertain for each other." Miss SMITH had much pleasure in his society and correspondence, and he sometimes attended her and her sisters in their long walks amongst the mountains.

LETTER IX.

THOMAS WILKINSON TO MRS. SMITH.

" My dear Friend,

" WILL it be an intrusion on the sacredness of thy sorrow, thus to address thee? I have heard of thy loss, and can truly say I sympathise therein. I have awoke in tears in the night, to meditate on the affecting event; and the thoughts of my friend, and precious daughter, are frequently my companions by day. Many are now my recollections of dear ELIZABETH; her sweet and serious countenance is often so vivid in my remembrance, that I sometimes can hardly think I shall see her no more. How unsearchable are the ways of the ALMIGHTY! He frequently selects the wisest and the best for Himself, whilst 'the world lying in wickedness' seems to want their example and

reproof, and the virtuous and drooping Christian their encouragement and support. Yet we are not to question his ways; for surely they are in wisdom, though that wisdom we cannot comprehend. Never let us forget, my friend, that this is a state of trial. Affliction and trial will terminate in the grave, and if we are faithful to the last, we shall rise in happiness. I have had no particulars of the trying event; when thou hast strength to write, it would be desirable to know how thou and JULIET are, and whether thy husband, or any branch of the family, were at Coniston during the solemn scene? Thy lot has often been to bear the heaviest part of the burden. I shall devote the rest of my paper to a little memorial of its kind to thy valued daughter.

"Farewell! with true esteem and affection, I remain thy sincere and sympathising friend,

T. W."

LINES INCLOSED.

"How dark this river murmuring on its way;
This wood how solemn, at the close of day!
What clouds come on, what shades of evening fall,
Till one vast veil of sadness covers all:—

Then why alone thus lingering do I roam,
Heedless of clouds, of darkness, and of home?—
Well may I linger in this twilight gloom
Alone, and sad—Eliza's in her tomb!
She who so late, by kindred taste ally'd,
Pac'd this lone path, conversing at my side;
The wildering path 'twas her delight to prove,
Through the green valley, or the cooling grove.

"Can I forget, on many a summer's day,
How through the woods and lanes we wont to stray;
How cross the moors and up the hills to wind,
And leave the fields and sinking vales behind:
How arduous o'er the mountain steeps to go,
And look by turns on all the plains below;
How scal'd th' aërial cliffs th' advent'rous maid,
Whilst, far beneath, her foil'd companion staid?

"Yet whilst to her sublimest scenes arise,
Of mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies,
The intellectual world still claim'd her care,—
There she would range, amid the wise and fair,
Untutor'd range;—her penetrating mind
Left the dull track of school research behind;
Rush'd on, and seiz'd the funds of Eastern lore,
Arabia, Persia, adding to her store.

"Yet unobtrusive, serious, and meek,
The first to listen, and the last to speak;

Though rich in intellect, her powers of thought
In youth's prime season no distinction sought;
But ever prompt at *Duty*'s sacred call,
She oft in silence left the social hall,
To trace the cots and villages around,
No cot too mean, where misery might be found;
How have I seen her at the humblest shed,
Bearing refreshment to the sick man's bed;
His drooping spirits cheer'd—she from his door
Return'd, amid the blessings of the poor!

"Oh, lost ELIZA! dear ingenuous maid,
While low in earth thy cold remains are laid,
Thy genuine friendship, thy attentions kind,
Rise like a vision on my pensive mind;
Thy love of truth, thy readiness to please,
Thy sweet, refin'd simplicity and ease,
Enhanc'd the favours of ingenious art,
And made thy gifts pass onward to the heart;
These beauteous tints*, these peaceful scenes I view,
Thy taste design'd, and ready friendship drew;
Long shall my care the sweet memorials save—
The hand that trac'd them rests within the grave!

"Lamented Maiden! pensive and alone,
While sorrowing friendship pours her tender moan,

* "Her drawings in a rustic building beside the river Emont."

Sad memory sees thee, at our parting hour,
Pale, weak, yet lovely as a drooping flower
Which sheds its leaves on autumn's sickly bed;—
Thou from thy pillow rais'd thy peaceful head;
To me thou held'st thy feeble hand—it bore
Naambanna* dying on his native shore;
Like his, Religion's holy truths, address'd
To thy young mind, were treasur'd in thy breast;
Like his, we saw thy early blossoms wave;
Now see the Virtues weeping o'er thy grave!"

The last manuscript with which I was favoured by Dr. MUMSSEN arrived too late; and when I wrote to thank him for it, I mentioned the irreparable loss I had sustained, and spoke of my lamented friend in the following words; which drew from him an answer so gratifying to my feelings, that I hope I may be pardoned for inserting it. My letter contains a very imperfect sketch of Miss SMITH's character, but it is drawn with truth.

* An affecting account of the pious African, Henry Granville Naambanna, which she gave the author, as he took his last leave of her a short time before her death.

LETTER X.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER FROM MRS. H. BOWDLER TO DR. MUMSSEN.

" *September*, 1806.

" The lovely young creature on whose account I first applied to you, had been for above a year gradually declining, and on the 7th of August she resigned her pure spirit to God who gave it. Her character was so extraordinary, and she was so very dear to me, that I hope you will forgive my dwelling a little longer on my irreparable loss. Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance that indicated deep reflection; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persic. She was well acquainted with Geometry, Algebra, and other branches of the Mathematics. She was a very fine musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective. She shewed an

early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain; but I believe she destroyed most of the effusions of her youthful Muse, when an acquaintance with your great poet, and still more when the sublime compositions of the Hebrew bards, gave a different turn to her thoughts. With all these acquirements she was perfectly feminine in her disposition; elegant, modest, gentle, and affectionate; nothing was neglected, which a woman ought to know; no duty was omitted, which her situation in life required her to perform. But the part of her character on which I dwell with the greatest satisfaction, is that exalted piety, which seemed always to raise her above this world, and taught her, at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and its pleasures almost without regret, and to support with dignity a very unexpected change of situation. —— For some years before her death the Holy Scripture was her principal study, and she translated from the Hebrew the whole book of Job, &c. &c. How far she succeeded in this attempt I am not qualified to judge; but the benefit which she herself derived from these studies must be evident to those who witnessed the patience and resignation with which she supported a long and painful illness,

the sweet attention which she always shewed to the feelings of her parents and friends, and the heavenly composure with which she looked forward to the awful change which has now removed her to a world, ' where (as one of her friends observes) her gentle, pure, and enlightened spirit will find itself more at home than in this land of shadows,' &c. &c.

LETTER XI.

DR. MUMSSEN IN REPLY.

" *Altona, Oct.* 3, 1806.

" LET me very heartily sympathise with you, dear Madam, in your sorrow. The loss you have suffered is great, is irrecoverable in this world. The account you gave me of the extraordinary character of your late angelic friend, has filled my breast with admiration and awe. I have read your letter with tears. So many accomplishments, natural and moral: so much of science, erudition, and eminence of rare talents, combined with grace, with gentleness, and all the virtues that adorn a female mind! It is wonderful, and cannot be enough admired. Great, indeed, must have been

your happiness in the possession of this treasure! ——Alas! the gentle spirit that moved her tender limbs is soon divested of its mortal garment, and gone to join its kindred Angels!

'Vattene in pace, Alma beata e bella!'

But I think her happy in this our period; for what can be more fortunate on earth than to fall into the hands of the virtuous, and free from contact of a corrupted race, to make her passage over our unlucky planet pure and immaculate, and with the robe of innocence appear before her Creator? To taste all the sweets of science and art, and having satisfied all honest desires, remove from the feast of life with gratitude. 'Tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!'

"Your being deprived of such a hand, I fear, will put a stop to your honourable project; yet I will hope that somebody will be found to assist you in reducing and sifting the materials you have collected.

"Pray tell me the name of your late young friend, that I may honour her memory. Such radiant flames seldom descend to inhabit terrestrial forms.

"With true esteem and affection, I am, &c."

LETTER XII.

FROM THE REV. DR. RANDOLPH TO MRS. SMITH.

" I HAVE to thank you, my dear Mrs. SMITH, for your very interesting manuscript. To those who once shared the friendship of your excellent daughter, the most trifling incidents of her life are now become valuable records; and scenes of childhood, when connected with the expansive powers of genius, cease to be insignificant; as the smallest rill assumes an importance from being contemplated as the source of a great and majestic river. Let me however confess, that without a more powerful motive for my request, than the one you so justly assign to me, I should have spared you the sad remembrance of the days of infantine occupations; and judging of the culture by the produce, have given due credit to your system of education, nor felt any inclination to pry further into the secrets of a Mother's care.

" But the plant you had the happiness to rear in the moral garden of life, (though, alas! of short duration,) exhibited such a luxuriant fertility, and a vigour of shoot so far exceeding the ordinary

growth of intellect, that it seems a duty we owe to society to mark the several points and stages of its advancement to such early maturity.

" I see you start at the proposal I am about to make; but the papers now before me not only serve to increase my admiration of your beloved child, but convince me, the more I read them, that she that is gone ought to live in universal remembrance; that over such a grave grief should not be dumb; and that the world, deprived by her death of one of its brightest ornaments, has a claim to every memorial of her exalted worth and talents, to shew the unthinking crowd what *may* be done, and to hold forth an example of what *has been done* even in so short a space of time, by fulfilling the duties of a Christian life, and the purposes of rational existence.

" You know that I am no advocate, generally speaking, for biographical sketches and memoirs. The vanity of some of these communications might well be spared, and the profligacy of others ought not to be endured. But if the reflecting reader, tired or disgusted with a mere series of adventures, should prefer a narrative that led the mind to thought, to one that only filled it with wonder or

amusement; if he had rather follow COWPER to his study, than a general to the field, or a statesman to the cabinet; to such a class of readers, I scruple not to say, you have it in your power to offer a most captivating publication. Every page I unfold fills me with fresh astonishment; and when I collect the evidence of your daughter's attainments within the short period of her earthly existence, when I combine the graces of person, and the elegance of accomplishments, with her more noble and higher distinctions of intellect, I seem to lose sight of what once adorned society, and to be tracing a form of ideal perfection.

" Over every thing she touches she seems to spread a new charm: and whether she furnishes materials from her own capacious mind, or draws them from the stores of others, there is a choice and arrangement, which evinces the soundest judgment, as well as the sweetest imagination. Her feelings are exquisite, but never romantic; and in the flight of her most excursive fancy, she keeps within the bounds of truth and taste. In all that she invents or describes, nothing is overcharged or unnatural. Her pen, like her pencil, places every object in the most pleasing point of view;

and the delicacy of her thoughts is even heightened by the purity, I may say piety, of the expressions in which they are conveyed. In her various translations from the German, and other languages, most of which I have compared with the different authors, she never mistakes or weakens the spirit of the original. Klopstock, under her management, talks English as well as his native tongue; and the warmest of his admirers would rejoice to hear the facility and precision with which she has taught their favourite poet and philosopher to converse amongst us.——Of her Hebrew versions, of which I would not allow myself to be a competent judge, I can now speak in the strongest terms of praise, from the testimony of some of our best Hebrew scholars, to whom the Book of Job has been more particularly submitted. The opinion of this extraordinary production, transmitted to me by a friend who ranks amongst the first in this department of literature, I here subjoin.

'My dear Sir,

'I HAVE exceeded the time I had prescribed to myself for sending you my report of the MS. of Job; but I was desirous to form the best judgment

I was capable of, before I ventured on a final opinion. I have now, however, most fully satisfied my mind upon the subject; and I feel that I should do great injustice to the work, if I did not pronounce it to be an excellent translation. After a close scrutiny, and a careful comparison with the original, it strikes me as conveying more of the true character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess. It combines accuracy of version with purity of style, and unites critical research with familiar exposition. From the received translation it very seldom *unnecessarily* deviates, which I consider to be a proof of the author's taste and judgment: for, in general, the language of our English Bible is such as no one possessing these would wish to alter. The correction of error, and the improvement of the sense, seem to be the only inducements, and serve as the chief guides in every variation of phrase adopted in the version of your friend. These variations are undoubtedly sometimes considerable, but always ingenious, and generally well founded, and never hazarded but with reasonable colour, and manifestly after

much investigation. New readings and new significations are occasionally introduced; and from the appearance of some of these at the commencement of the work, I had at first been led to entertain doubts as to the merit of the translation; but upon farther acquaintance, and a fuller review, I find them much less frequent and less violent than (I am sorry to say) are to be met with in most of our modern versions of the various parts of the Old Testament. Conjectural emendations of the text particularly are most sparingly indulged in; so that, upon the whole, I cannot but recommend the publication of the entire version; in the fullest confidence that it will be received as a valuable present by the lovers of biblical literature*.'

" Upon such proofs, I may venture to rest my justification, if any be necessary, for earnestly requesting your permission to draw from the journal of her improvement a simple narrative of your daughter's life. Many of the documents must

* Letter from the Rev. Dr. MAGEE, of Trinity College, Dublin, author of Discourses on the Doctrine of the Atonement.

necessarily be omitted, but enough may be given to confirm our estimate of her worth, and prove to the world that it has not been raised beyond its due standard by the partiality of her sorrowful and surviving friends.——If the dear companion of some of her early studies might be prevailed on to undertake the arrangement of the materials, (and I think our solicitations to her for that purpose may not be in vain,) your mind will be better reconciled to the measure, and the world will be satisfied as to the fidelity of the detail.——Let us, I beseech you, unite to accomplish this; and believe me, &c."

END OF VOL. I.

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Lately published, price 7s. in Boards,

THE BOOK OF JOB;

TRANSLATED FROM THE HEBREW,

BY THE LATE

MISS ELIZABETH SMITH;

WITH A

PREFACE AND ANNOTATIONS,

BY THE

REV. F. RANDOLPH, D.D.